

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6½d.



Archbishop of Canterbury.
Lady Mayoress. Lord Mayor.

Prince of Wales.

Duchess of Teck.

Duke of Teck.

REOPENING OF ST. SAVIOUR'S CHURCH, SOUTHWARK, AS A CATHEDRAL FOR SOUTH LONDON.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN

A literary work of some extent has, I read, been recently "withdrawn from circulation." This is an unusual circumstance, and also, I should think, a difficult job. It is easy—very easy indeed—not to sell any more copies of one's book, but to get back what are already sold is like getting butter out of a dog's mouth. So soon as it is understood that the volume is likely to become a rarity, it assumes a value that would never be assigned to its merits. There is no part of an author's productions so sought after as that which he has judged inferior or unsuitable, and therefore only appears in the early editions. If "Littera scripta manet" is a true axiom, how much greater is the permanency of what is printed!

In the case in question it is the publisher, I believe, and not the author, who has intervened, but how few are the authors, especially those who have early entered the ranks of literature, who do not wish that they could recall something they have published! How plainly they recognise their own ignorance and immaturity in what they once saw promise at least, if not fulfilment! In what very indifferent metre and what very unallowable lines did our youthful Muse indulge herself! There were, perhaps, even sins against good taste, for which we now blush in vain: personal allusions, which we once thought satires, but which we now perceive to have been lampoons; bitter references to enemies of whom we have since made friends. We know how the greatest of writers, such as Byron and Tennyson, for example, suffered from the early indiscretions of a too hasty Muse. It was later in life that Dickens sinned, but he would have given much to "withdraw from publication" what caused (though, it is true, with no such intention on his part) such cruel pain to the fanciful original of Harold Skimpole. In their youth almost all authors have written things regrettable in some way or another, and in their maturity it seems inconceivable that there could have been a time when they yearned to see them in print, and spent money in buying a secret scourge for their own backs. Even if their moral withers are unwrung, how they grudge the "waste of material" involved in their early productions! the lavishness with which fact and incident were thrown away upon a few ill-paid pages, which experience and maturer wits would have made valuable. But the bitterest regret of all must come to those who have deliberately said to themselves, "Evil, be thou my good," or not less culpably and more meanly have chosen the former, for the sake of advantage, and used their pens not to make their fellow creatures better and happier, not to elevate or amuse, but to corrupt them. It must be sad indeed when the best hope an author can entertain of his work is that it should perish, but it has occurred, we may be sure, to many. One of the wisest and best of writers has told us that the greatest solace to him as he lay a-dying was that he had never written a line of which he was ashamed—that is, that he wished to "withdraw from publication."

There is no one who has a greater respect for ghosts—at a distance—than I have; I have never said of them in the daytime, as is the case with many people, what I repented of at night; but I confess I don't think much of historical ghosts. If Kings or Queens are reported to haunt royal residences, or even places where they have slept for a night or two, they are pretty sure to be seen there. It takes such very little imagination to evoke the spectre of a person whose appearance has been made familiar to us in pictures, and even on signboards. To impress one seriously (though it need not be favourably) a ghost must be decently modern, and not associated with legend. Charles I. is said to have been heard twelve years ago in the cloisters of St. George's, Windsor; he was not even seen, but heard "walking," one does not even know whether with his head on or without it. This is an insult to the intelligence, and if the spectator, or rather the audience, had not been the wife of a Bishop, it would have been unworthy of notice. Now Queen Elizabeth has been paying a visit to the library of Windsor Castle. She was never literary, and it is probable the object of attraction was a young officer in the Grenadier Guards who happened to be in the apartment, and certifies to the visit. He did not know it was her Majesty, and, indeed, how should he, since he represents her as having been in the ordinary nineteenth-century costume? This is something quite new in the ways of the departed. How they manage to bring their clothes with them has always been difficult of explanation, but how her Majesty—if it was her Majesty—could have procured modern apparel is a still more inexplicable problem. She was in mourning, but it was not new; so that Whiteley's and the "Stores" are out of the question; and it seems very unlikely, though not, of course, impossible, that she hired a "walking" costume at Nathan's. It is curious that a gallant young gentleman, however devoted to literature, did not rise on the lady's entrance, when he could have got at least a bow—in a royal personage it is called a "gracious inclination of the head"—out of her. Now he knows what he has missed he will probably regret his want of politeness to the last day of his life. One must admit, however, that he has taken the exceptional favour

that has been conferred upon him rather coolly. When his parent writes to know whether it may be made public, he telegraphs, "Just as you like," or words to that effect. This is not the way to speak of an interview with a ghost, especially a royal one. It is even possible that it may cause the phrase, "My eye and Betty Martin," to be exchanged by the sceptical for, "My eye and Queen Elizabeth."

Folks who despise tobacco should be the last to acknowledge it to be a luxury, yet I doubt whether they will be pleased with the recent decision in the American courts. It has been decreed by the law that henceforth the weed so essential to the comfort of mankind, but especially of the poor and suffering, shall no more be considered a luxury but a necessity. In a country that is at least as full of fads and prejudices as our own, it cannot have been easy to get this done, and it is a proof of its saving common-sense. Independent of the overwhelming testimony in favour of the beneficial effects of tobacco on the wounded in the Franco-German War, and of the piteous yearning for its solace among the very poor, its influence in the diminution and, indeed, the abolition of excessive drinking in the upper classes can hardly be over-rated. If the ladies do detect an aroma from cigar or cigarette when the gentlemen appear in the drawing-room, it is surely better than seeing them enter it much later and with that unsteady gait which was habitual with our grandfathers. The magnums of port and claret would certainly not have disappeared from our after-dinner tables, as they have done, through the attractions of coffee: it is the tobacco, that goes so well with that unalcoholic liquor, to which this reform is solely due. It is amazing how little this is recognised by the apostles of temperance, who, on the contrary, appear to imagine that smoking produces drinking. Even if our courts of law should adopt the American view of the matter, our upper classes would be little affected by it: whatever may happen through the loss of the Havana crops, and the consequent rise in price of the article, it is not likely that any bankrupt will ascribe his failure to his expenditure in cigars, but to the poor the placing of tobacco among the necessities of life would be of great importance. The old people in our workhouses would probably be provided with the only comfort of their lives which has hitherto been denied them as a "luxury." If pensions for old age are "too expensive to be thought of," this little mitigation of its miseries is surely not beyond our means.

Some noteworthy college courtesies have taken place of late at Cambridge. The students of John's and Emmanuel have presented a pair of swans to those of Girton. The "girl graduates," as was natural enough, named each swan after its giver, "John" and "Emma," but, unfortunately, it turns out that the swan from John's is a lady swan, and that from Emmanuel a gentleman. The circumstance has been put into verse by one who has a pretty turn for epigram—

IN HOC CYGNO VINCES.

When students of Emmanuel and John's
Gave to the Girton girls a pair of swans,
Each bird was christen'd with its donor's name,
And straightway John and Emma they became
(A nomenclature which induced dilemmas—
For Emma's sex was John's, and John's was Emma's!).

The error is not nearly so grave as the one, too common in colleges, of mistaking their geese for swans; and the gift was a graceful one. The question as to whether swans are good to eat must be left to those who have tasted them, but of their grace and beauty, as long as they abstain from waddling on the land, there can be no doubt. The least appreciated of our poets has happily described the royal bird as having been—

Born

To be the only graceful shape of scorn.

To revert to our muttons—the swans—it was no fault of the students that they did not describe their sex more particularly. There are only a few creatures to whom a prefix is assigned to distinguish male from female. He goat, dog wolf, buck rabbit, jack hare, tom cat, and jenny ass almost exhaust the catalogue. Many an editor wishes that his contributors would be more precise in this matter. From the handwriting, and the nature of the contribution, a pretty shrewd guess may generally be made; but it cannot be relied on, and women writers give only their initials instead of their Christian names, with the very object of their being mistaken for men, which gives them, they think, a better chance of acceptance. I remember a case where a mistake of this kind was bitterly repented of by a man of letters of my acquaintance. He was slightly Bohemian, and popular with his own sex, but modest and retiring in the presence of the other, whom, nevertheless, he greatly respected. He wrote for several periodicals, both at home and abroad, among them for an American magazine. He had been connected with it for years, and though they had no personal acquaintance with one another, the editor and he had become friends. Independently of his contributions, he often corresponded with him, telling him the latest anecdotes of the club smoking-room, all harmless enough, but some of them certainly not suitable for publication. On one occasion he sent him a very amusing story, which has since become a classic, but, it must be confessed, not a drawing-room

classic. Then he got a letter from the publishers of the magazine which almost cost him his life—

Dear Mr. So-and-So,—We think it right to inform you, with respect to any private communications you may have in future to make to our Editor, that she is a lady.

This was all through indicating her Christian name by an initial only. She had been compelled to appeal to her proprietors for protection against the most modest man in the Metropolis.

There is significance, it appears, in sealing-wax, which has once more come into fashionable use. Its colour is of great importance, since every hue has its particular mission. White is for weddings, also for proposals to wed; while ruby should only be employed for the correspondence between engaged persons; pink is for the use of young girls only, especially when they receive letters with green seals, which signify "hopeful love"; grey is assigned to correspondence between bachelors, and scarlet to mere business letters, which are, of course, comparatively of no importance.

Hardly less interesting than to the astronomer when "a new planet swims into his ken" is to the lover of literature the advent of an author of genius. The word is a strong one to apply to a writer who, after all, does but give us a little volume of short stories—for of such, "Animal Episodes," the book I have in my mind, consists—but the ingenuity of creation is manifested in the grasshopper as much as in the king of beasts. I do not remember when I have been so struck with a volume of the same kind since Lefanu's "In a Glass Darkly." It has no resemblance to it in tone (save in the story "From the Dark Past," a gruesome tale indeed, combining a tragedy of five hundred years ago with one of to-day), but each narrative has, while you are reading it, the same compulsory attraction, so that the reader, if he be in sorrow, or even in suspense, is taken out of himself, and knows nothing of what is going on save what the author tells him. Scott speaks of the schoolboy whom his noble poem has robbed of "an hour of play," but to cozen a man out of an hour of pain is a still greater feat, and this I can personally testify that G. H. Powell (a name entirely unknown to me) has accomplished. He gives us but eight stories, and it is difficult to say which is the best of them. They are all, it must be confessed—if apology is necessary for such a circumstance—sensational, but perfectly wholesome; there is no fear (except, perhaps, in the case of "The Reresby Mote Ghost") of their disorganising even a nervous person. This is of importance, for, after lending "In a Glass Darkly" to a friend, I remember getting the book back the next day, with this ungrateful acknowledgment: "We could not help reading your confounded book, but my wife has not slept all night, and I feel as if I had the jumps myself; both going down to the seaside!" It is all very well to talk about fact being stranger than fiction, but if one compares the most thrilling Alpine experience by a member of the Climbing Club with "Let Off with a Caution," one must admit that the latter is more exciting. In a very dangerous ascent, young Galveston, under the impression that he has found a "short cut," and unobserved for the moment by his companions, leaves them. They imagined he was just overtaking them—

He thought to catch them up by a way of his own, and then pass to the right along a ledge some thirty feet above him. That was all. He had slung his alpenstock on to the belt of his Norfolk jacket, and was working his way, every muscle strained to clutch now the roots of a grass tuft and now a small ridge of rock. Another ten seconds passed—in this sort of progress it is easy to get hurried—and then a cold fear seized him, like the clutch of some wild beast. He could not keep foot or hand-hold a moment longer. Could he have gone back? Impossible. He made a furious effort forward, upward. The wall of rock seemed to project right over him, to force him outwards. Through the hollow before him he struggled frantically. A tuft of grass gave way, but as it fell he had grasped another. The rock edge at his left seemed to be coming through his hand. One more struggle upward, and yet another.

For one half-second, as his exhausted lungs filled and his strained, half-cramped muscles relaxed, did Galveston smile the smile of the victor over a physical obstacle; the next he turned deadly pale, for he and those watching him saw that his last energetic movement had been a false step, and that he was caught in a trap.

The guide says quietly "Wait; the young gentleman has gone too much to the left," but no expression of horror could have sounded more significant. The situation as presently described gives all the pleasure that the cynic has ascribed to the misfortunes of our fellow creatures, though with the drawback of vertigo. The reflections of the cragfast one, doomed as all conclude him to be, are very natural. He is alarmed, of course, but cannot fancy, with the tinkle of the cow-bells a thousand feet below him in his ears, that he is face to face with death. "The rarity of such a fate seemed a sort of insurance." On the other hand, miracles, too, belonged to the regions of romance, and nothing but a miracle could save him. Of course there was one, but in fairness I leave the author to tell it. If you want to know how one feels in company with the lady of one's affections on the top storey of the highest flat in London, with the whole building alight beneath you, here you have it. One must admit that these "episodes" are exceptional, but such is the skill of the narrator that they do not strike one as unnatural.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE PRINCE OF WALES IN SOUTHWARK.

With stately ceremonial the ancient Church of St. Saviour, Southwark, was reopened on Tuesday last, restored and enlarged at a cost of some £50,000, to form a collegiate church and cathedral for the populous district of South London. The original fabric of the ancient church dates from the beginning of the twelfth century, when it was erected by the piety of Bishop Giffard and a couple of Norman knights, but long before that date the site had been one of holy association, having been occupied first by the nunnery of St. Marie Overie and subsequently by a collegiate priesthood founded by St. Swithun of Winchester. The Norman building, demolished by fire, was rebuilt in the Early English style of which it still remains one of the most notable examples, and the additions which have been made to the fabric, under the guidance of Sir Arthur Blomfield, since the first stone of the new work was laid by the Prince of Wales in 1890, have faithfully preserved its ancient character. A noble nave has been built in strict conformity with the Early English style of the chancel. The scheme of decoration includes a series of stained-glass windows commemorating some of the illustrious dead who lie entombed within the church. The new Cathedral was inaugurated with three services on Tuesday last, that in the afternoon being attended by the Prince of Wales and the Duke and Duchess of Teck. A great array of ecclesiastics and civic dignitaries were present. The sermon was preached by the Bishop of Winchester, and the Archbishop of Canterbury gave the final blessing.

THE CRETAN CRISIS.

It would be strange indeed if Englishmen did not sympathise with the expedition of Prince George of Greece to Crete. Of course, there is a good deal of talk about the "ill-advised" action of the Greek Government. A little State which ventures to teach politics, humanity, and common-sense to the Great Powers is always regarded as an impertinent interloper. But as everybody can see that, without the spirited action of Greece, the precious diplomatists of the "Concert of Europe" would have gone on twirling their thumbs round the civil war in Crete, for which their own bungling is directly responsible, it is slightly ridiculous to lecture Prince George and his father as if they had caused a wanton disturbance of the general peace. The situation is clear enough. The Powers extorted some "reforms" for Crete from the Sultan. A new Constitution was set up, and a European gendarmerie was appointed to protect it. But with its customary folly the "Concert" permitted the Sultan to retain supreme control in the island through the military Governor, who vetoed every act of the civil Governor, and stirred up the Mussulman population to prevent the organisation of the gendarmerie. Hence a state of affairs much worse than what preceded it, the triumph of the Sultan, and another humiliation for the European statesmen. The Powers saw their handiwork, such as it was, undone by Abdul Hamid, who openly flouted them, and yet they remained passive while Crete was given over to chaos. At this juncture King George of Greece took decisive action, amply justified by the intimate associations between his subjects and the Christian Cretans. The condition of Crete is a standing menace to the tranquillity of the Greek kingdom, and as the Powers, in their concerted impotence, would neither ensure decent government for the Cretans under the nominal sovereignty of the Sultan nor hand over the island to Greece, its natural protector, King George and his Ministers resolved to intervene by force of arms. Prince George was despatched to Crete with a torpedo flotilla, and Greek troops have been landed on Cretan soil almost simultaneously with the "mixed marines" of the Powers, who have been forced into this measure by the unexpected energy of the Greek Government.

Personally Prince George has every quality that can commend him to English interest and admiration. He is a sailor, full of zeal for his great profession; he is a Prince who is intimately connected with our royal family, for his father is the brother of the Princess of Wales. He is cousin to the Duke of York and to the Czar, whose life he saved in Japan, when a fanatic came very near to assassinating the young traveller who is now Nicholas II. Moreover, the Prince's father has long commanded the esteem of thoughtful Englishmen by the skill and success with which he has governed his little kingdom and attached to his dynasty the affections of the Greek people. In the crisis which has suddenly developed from the jealousies of the Powers and the astute malignity of Abdul Hamid, this daring stroke of Greek policy is not only picturesque; it is a welcome relief from the apathy of Continental diplomacy, and from the miserable plotting and counter-plotting of the statecraft which has given free rein to Turkish barbarity and called it peace. All the traditions which have made the cause of Greek independence dear to the countrymen of Byron are to-day united with the instinct of true statesmanship in applauding Greece, her King, and the gallant Prince who commands her little fleet.

As we go to press the situation is becoming hourly more serious. The Greek Government shows no signs of repenting its determination. The Greek commander has landed his forces in Crete under the sheltering guns of his country's ironclads, enthusiastically welcomed by the Cretan insurgents, and has proclaimed his occupation of

the island in the name of the King of Greece. The flags of the five Powers, however, are still flying upon the walls of Canea, to hinder Greek intervention, but to the collective remonstrance of the Powers the Greek General has sturdily replied that he is there by the orders of his King, and must carry out his instructions. In obedience to the spirit of those commands the Greek force has carried the Turkish fort of Aghia by storm, taking captive 400 Mussulmans and upwards of a hundred of the Turkish soldiery.

THE BENIN EXPEDITION.

The expedition to punish the negro King of Benin, Adubowa, for the recent massacre of the unarmed party of Englishmen approaching his town on a peaceful mission from the Niger Protectorate, has made some progress. On Feb. 10 the naval squadron in the Benin River, under command of Rear-Admiral Rawson, consisting of H.M.S. *Philomel*, *Phæbe*, and *Widgeon*, bombarded Gwato, driving out the enemy, after which detachments from the crews and Marines landed, forming a Naval Brigade, to aid the Houssa troops of the Niger Protectorate in the advance upon the town of Benin. Captain O'Callaghan, R.N., commanded the Naval Brigade, and Captain Hamilton the Protectorate force. The advance was not unopposed. There was some fighting at Gwato, and about sixty of the enemy were killed. Lieutenant Pritchard, R.N., was killed on the British side; and Commander E. D. Hunt was badly



PRINCE GEORGE OF GREECE.

wounded. At the same time H.M.S. *Alecto* was sent up another branch of the river, more easterly, to Sapelo, where a strong force of the enemy had been assembled. These were dispersed, after a stubborn conflict. On Feb. 12, the position of Ologbo, across the river, and more than halfway from Gwato to King Adubowa's town, was occupied by Admiral Rawson's forces.

THE INDIAN FAMINE.

The distress arising out of the famine in India is still sadly on the increase, although the price of grain shows some promise of a fall. The numbers of persons needing employment on the relief works continue to increase day by day, as the last resources of the impoverished fall them, and the Viceroy's report for last week stated the total number of natives on the relief list as 2,750,000. Our Illustration shows the daily distribution of provisions at the poor-house at Sholapur, where upwards of three hundred poverty-stricken natives each day receive doles of meal, oil, salt, and chilis. The Sholapur district of the Bombay Presidency is at present one of the most severely afflicted localities, and reports from this centre contain grave apprehensions that the state of things must become still more terrible before there can be any improvement.

DOG-SHOW AT THE AGRICULTURAL HALL.

This dog-show organised by Mr. Charles Cruft at the Agricultural Hall proved to be the largest and most varied exhibition of its kind that has been held in this country for many a day, and drew a great number of spectators to Islington last week. The prize-winners included many particularly fine animals. The Jaeger Challenge Cup,

open to all classes, and awarded to the best brace of dogs exhibited in the finest condition, fell to a brace of Irish setters—Champion Chamlough Bloom and Dunganon Colleen Bawn, two very handsome specimens of their class; and among the more noticeable of the other victors were Mr. Edwin Brough's three noble bloodhounds, Barbarossa, Brunhilda, and Bannagher, which carried off the Cruft Challenge Team Cup for the best team of sporting dogs. An interesting feature of the Show was the exhibition of some of the choicest animals of the famous Sandringham kennels. The Prince of Wales sent his Clumber spaniel, Sandringham Rally, and his rough-coated basset-hound, Sandringham Bahil, also his Lapland sledge dog, Perla; while the Princess exhibited her collie, Sandringham Dainty, and two basset-hounds.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"NELSON'S ENCHANTRESS," AT THE AVENUE.

The growing interest in the future of our Navy, and the increased familiarity with its splendid past, made a play about Nelson almost inevitable, for no figure in English history has such a hold of the popular imagination as "our only hero." In almost any other country save our own the task would have engaged the attention of the greatest playwright of the day, and he would almost certainly have made his play the pivot of a signal national service of the subject in hand. Far other is it with "Nelson's Enchantress," produced at the Avenue Theatre on Feb. 11. The author, "Risden Home," is an obvious amateur; the aspect of Nelson's life which has been chosen is neither paramount nor very presentable; and the result is a dreary transcript from a school-book point of view, dramatic only where the events themselves were naturally so. The story ranges over a period of nearly twenty years (1786-1805), and traces the career of the enchantress from the time when, as Emma Hart and the Hon. Charles Greville's mistress, she posed before Romney, to the day when England and Lady Hamilton learned that Trafalgar had been won and its victor lost. At only one point has the author let imagination enhance history, by introducing Captain Horatio Nelson to Emma in Romney's studio seven years before he really ever saw her. That is the fitting conclusion to the first act, whereas the history-bound author has added a second scene, for the purpose of following out the sordid details of Greville's brutal repudiation of the girl and her annexation by his elderly ambassadorial uncle, Sir William Hamilton. Twelve years pass, and the curtain rises in the second act on the ball given by Sir William at Naples in 1798 in honour of Nelson, the hero of the Nile. A drunken outburst from Nelson's stepson, Lieutenant Nisbet, seems to be the first thing to waken Nelson to the real character of his feelings towards his madly enthusiastic hostess; and having paraphrased Plato on friendship they apparently part for seven years, when we are introduced to Merton Abbey on the eve of Trafalgar, to witness a pathetic parting between Nelson and her Ladyship, now widowed. Only your knowledge of Southey, or the "Dictionary of National Biography," will supply the hiatus of character-development since Plato preached in the ball-room at Naples. The fourth and last act is the only really dramatic one of the whole play, relying on a tableau of the thrilling death of Nelson in the *Victory*, as seen by Lady Hamilton in a dream as she lies in her house in Piccadilly, worn out with waiting for news of the battle. That is the bones of the play, and the play itself is little but bones. There is no atmosphere, no life. The author seems to have acquired a horror of Braham's thunder on the one hand, and of Mr. Charles Godfrey's music-hall style on the other, and consequently has produced a play that has not the saving merits of being good or very bad. "Nelson's Enchantress" is simply mediocre, and dull. Mrs. Patrick Campbell's Lady Hamilton is not living; Mr. Forbes-Robertson is Nelson mainly by virtue of his strong physical resemblance to the hero, and by the missing arm. Between the pair there is scarce a touch of romance or of realism. Indeed, nobody could vitalise the parts. There are little bits of clever acting in the various characters that walk on—in Mr. Ben Greet's Romney, in Mr. Sydney Brough's dashing Sir John Trevor, in Mr. Elwood's Greville. But one thing, "Nelson's Enchantress" cannot do: it does not enchant.

"ROSEMARY" REVIVED, AT THE CRITERION.

The difference between stage instinct and dramatic incompetence was vividly witnessed two nights later, when, pitted against a real living Nelson who has been mummified, we saw a purely fictitious colleague of his, Captain Cruickshank, made to live as if he had actually served on board the *Victory*. And the same is equally true of all the folk whom the Captain met when his pony Collingwood "dropped anchor," and left the mariner to find a haven in Sir Jasper Thorndyke's house on the road to London sixty years ago. For "Rosemary" is full of atmosphere, and though it was produced so long ago as last May, it is as true and tender and living as ever. Mr. Wyndham has the genius of not only being able to act himself, but of getting his company to act with him, so that there is little to choose between Mr. James Welch and Mr. A. E. George, who has supplanted him, as that delightful postboy, always a "b'y at 'eart," despite his threescore years and odd; and between Miss Annie Hughes and Miss Mary Jocelyn, who is now the serving-wench Priscilla. "Rosemary" is almost perfect of its kind—perhaps too poignant in its last act, but, as a whole, finely conceived and subtly acted. This revival, which is for a limited number of nights, does enchant.

DR. NANSSEN'S "FARTHEST NORTH."*

When a nation, bothered with political perplexities at home and abroad, rises to receive as a hero an Arctic explorer of foreign blood, and when a publisher thinks it worth his while to bring before the English-speaking public an account of the hero's exploits in two thick volumes, fitted out with the utmost luxury of dress, illustrations, and type, one must needs admire both nation and hero. The truth is, we are a race of hero-worshippers; we have the magnanimity of an imperial world-wide people, lacking the narrow bickering animosities of races that foster the nation-caste, and can worship a hero that holds a Norwegian flag best and first, that mans his expedition with his own countrymen, and applies himself exclusively to the honour of his own country. The present hero, moreover, by his great and masterly voyage of discovery, has proved our own veteran Arctic explorers, who, as far as his scheme was concerned, were croaking prophets of evil, to be hopelessly in the wrong, and has shown, where they so miserably yet heroically failed, how to reach the North Pole, if ever it is to be reached.

In the period of lionisation, it is hard to adjust with accuracy the merits of the hero, to put his deeds into their true perspective, and to fix exactly his share in increasing the common stock of our knowledge of the earth's surface; but a study of Nansen's "Farthest North" leaves no doubt that he has increased our knowledge of the Arctic regions more than any of his predecessors, and, without doubt, now and henceforth will be regarded as the greatest of Arctic explorers. Every page of his book proclaims him to be a great man, a genius, if a faculty for taking pains makes a genius, and a hero, if a man that is ever ready, ever willing, to put his life to the touch to prove his faith is a hero. London may go wrong in its adoration; the length and breadth of the country never errs in its hero, and with Nansen it has not gone wrong.

Nansen had solved the problem of Arctic exploration before ever he put a foot on board the *Fram*. He returned last summer from his great Polar expedition with all the fruits of his voyage; but even when he returned from his intrepid march across Greenland in 1890 he had, as far as concerned himself, lifted all the mystery and darkness that had eternally shrouded the North Polar region and overcome the obstacles that baffled all past generations. His conception of the Arctic Ocean was simplicity itself, and not a soul in Europe, at first at any rate, would give him a kroner for his idea. It was merely this: the Arctic Ocean is really an inland sea, hemmed round by Siberia and North America, receiving its waters mostly from the voluminous rivers of these immense lands, and pouring its superfluous chilly currents, with their heavy back-loads of ice, through the comparatively narrow strait between Spitzbergen and Greenland. In fact, the Arctic Ocean was, in effect, really an unconscionably wide river, flowing from east to west, and

bearing its permanent covering of ice along to be poured out into the Atlantic Ocean. The ice began to form in the east, and as it drifted westwards over the Pole, grew thicker and thicker until it was disgorged on the coasts of Greenland. The ice itself was the raft wherewith to reach

expect that he has conferred some great and lasting boon on humanity. If this boon is expected to come in the shape of a large addition to our scientific knowledge, to our stock of useful and practical information, the public will look vainly for it in these two volumes. The

additions to botany, zoology, geology, astronomy, even to geography, will be comparatively small; compared, for instance, with the results of our great Challenger Expedition, which we never thought of celebrating, almost a flea-bite; yet that was not Nansen's but rather Nature's fault, in providing so little biological material in the Arctic regions. Nansen's book brings the world no store of new material knowledge, but it offers it what is best of all: it is a story of a human resolve, a magnificent example of human endeavour that overcame every obstacle, that surmounted, at constant risk of life and limb, every difficulty, and came out victorious when all the elements in Nature's cruellest forms rose in open conspiracy. The book is rather an autobiography, with the Polar regions for a background—an unconscious Viking's son as its hero. The stirring incidents, the hair-breadth escapes, the hunts

and fights with walruses and bears, the characteristic traits that flash from some of Nansen's companions, will make it a favourite book with boys for all time; but the numerous, almost excessive, self-questioning inspections, the ever-recurring home-dreams and home-longings, will no doubt be frequently passed over as tedious.

The care and pains Nansen expended on the outfitting of his expedition repaid him well. Every one of his twelve companions was a tried man; every one was ready, like the leader himself, to turn his hand to anything, from cooking and coal-shifting to taking meteorological observations. They were merry, happy fellows, always willing to work, and birthdays, whether of themselves or of the *Fram*, were duly celebrated. Never was more care and forethought spent on any vessel than on the *Fram*; she was practically a solid piece of oak, excavated with cabins and saloons, with everything sacrificed to ice-resisting capacity. Probably no other vessel in the world would have survived the great ice packs that rose on her sides and at times threatened to overwhelm her altogether.

Perhaps one of the saddest episodes of the whole book is when Nansen and Johansen, after leaving the *Fram*, came to the end of their sledge journey and were obliged to take to their kayaks to reach Franz Josef Land. Only two of their faithful dogs survived, the others had to die to become food for the survivors. "Caiphas" was the last of Nansen's team, "Suggen" of Johansen's, and now they were no longer needed and must either be left behind to

starve or be put beyond the pale of starvation. Both men felt it was akin to murder, yet it was the kindest way; so they exchanged dogs to make the pang of murder less.

In a final chapter Nansen sums up his results, and it is so fair and modest a summary that no man will deny the claims he puts forward for the expedition—namely, to have shown that there is a deep Polar basin and that the ice drifts from east to west, and that, therefore, all future expeditions to the Pole will find their easiest way by taking advantage of this drift.



THE DRIFT-ICE; SUMMER, JULY 12, 1894.

Reproduced from Nansen's "Farthest North." (A. Constable and Co.)

the Pole. He plainly saw that all the expeditions from the American side must be failures, for there the explorers would make little more progress than a hound in the wheel of a turnspit, the drifting ice carrying them westwards as quickly as they walked eastwards to the Pole. Of this steady drift westwards of the ice-sheet Nansen had so fully assured himself that he was ready to stake on it his fame, his name, and his life. The logical outcome was, of course, to follow Nordenskiöld's track along the N.E. passage, and when well towards Bering's Straits, allow the ship to get shut in the ice, become a part of the great floe-stream, and drift right across the Arctic Ocean and get released in the Atlantic again. He



THE STERN OF THE "FRAM"; JOHANSEN AND "SULTAN," JUNE 16, 1894.

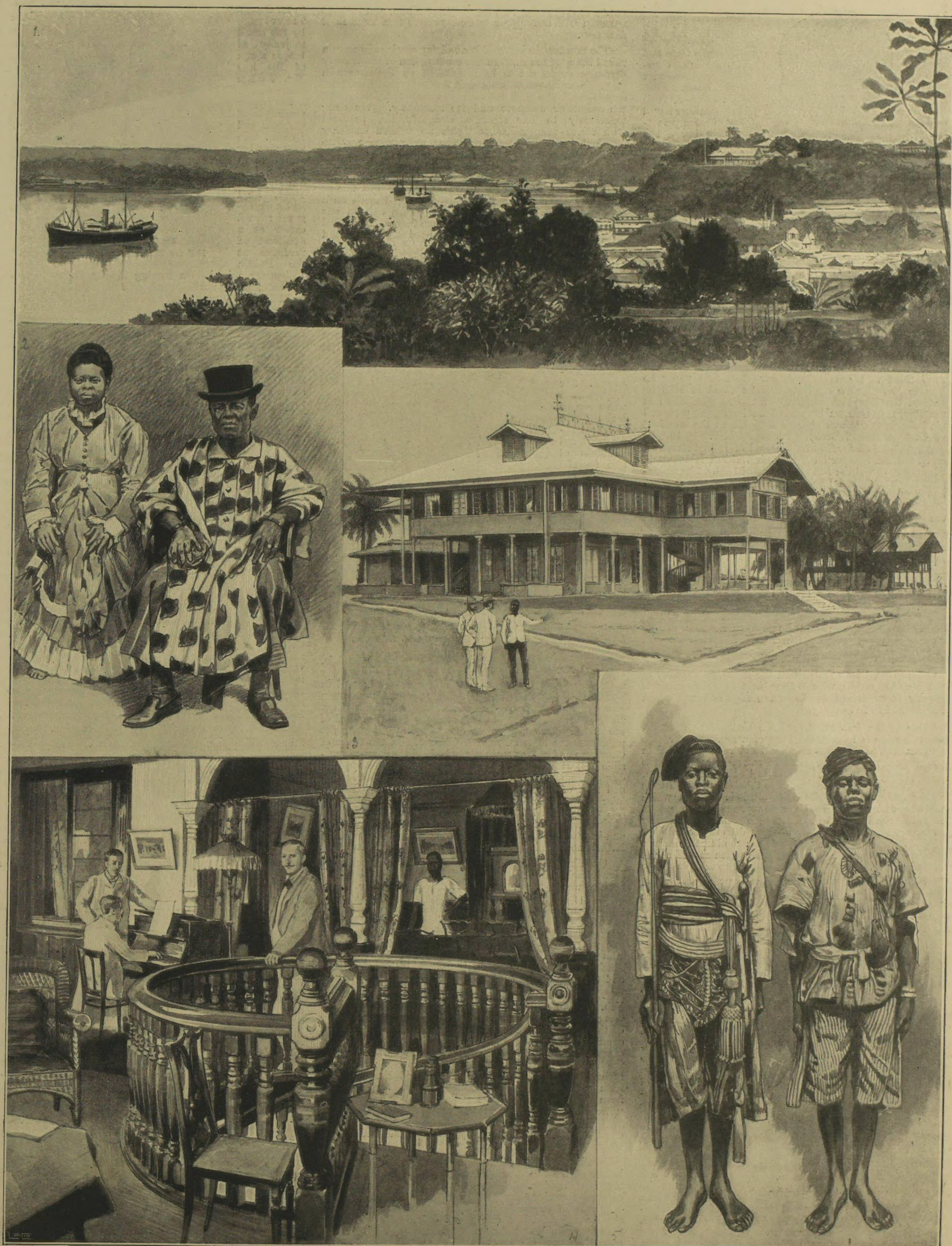
Reproduced from Nansen's "Farthest North." (A. Constable and Co.)

calculated the voyage would take three years: three years it did take, and the *Fram* served as the safest and most convenient winter quarters from which to make scientific observations. Three years, he tells us, he took to conceive the scheme, three years in its preparation, three years in its execution; and never was there a more brilliant conception, preparation, and execution in the annals of Arctic exploration.

The warm ovation with which the world greeted Nansen's return, and the princely form in which his narrative comes before the public, would lead one to

* Fridtjof Nansen's "Farthest North," being the record of a voyage of exploration of the ship *Fram* 1893-96, and of a fifteen months' sleigh journey by Dr. Nansen and Lieutenant Johansen, with an Appendix by Otto Sverdrup, Captain of the *Fram*. About one hundred and twenty full-page and numerous text illustrations; sixteen coloured plates in facsimile from Dr. Nansen's own sketches; etched portrait; photogravures and maps; 2 vols., 1181 pp.—Westminster: Archibald Constable and Company, 1897.

THE BENIN EXPEDITION: SCENES IN THE NIGER COAST PROTECTORATE.



1. View of Old Calabar. 2. Chief Oglóo and One of his Wives. 3. Officers' House at Old Calabar. 4. Interior of Officers' House. 5. Two of Nana's Soldiers.

PERSONAL.

Rarely does a public appointment give such unqualified satisfaction as that which has made Sir Alfred Milner the

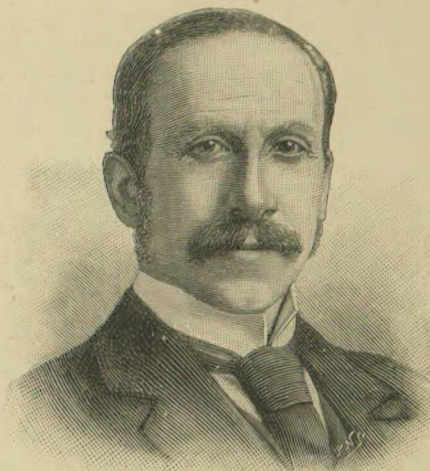


Photo Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.
SIR ALFRED MILNER, K.C.B.,
New Governor of the Cape.

successor of Lord Rosemead in the post of Governor of the Cape and High Commissioner for South Africa. Sir Alfred Milner is still comparatively young—only forty-three—but his career is already one of the most brilliant successes in the public service. Mr. Goschen is reported to have said that when he listened to a debate at the Oxford Union on one occasion he heard an undergraduate talking like a statesman. That undergraduate was the new High Commissioner. Mr. Milner distinguished himself greatly at Balliol College, and his friends expected him to go to the Bar; but he chose journalism, and for some time was Mr. Stead's lieutenant on the *Pall Mall Gazette*. When he withdrew from that paper he became Mr. Goschen's private secretary, and in 1889 he entered the Egyptian service. In the reorganisation of the Egyptian finances he played an important part, and his book on Egypt was at once accepted as the standard vindication of British control in that country. In 1892 he was appointed Chairman of the Board of Inland Revenue, and rendered substantial aid to Sir William Harcourt in the preparation of the famous Budget of 1894. The undergraduate who talked like a statesman has now assumed one of the most important and difficult posts in the whole Empire, and no higher tribute could be paid to him than the general delight that so able and eminent a public servant should be sent to represent England in South Africa.

The striking statement of the Greek claims to Crete made by M. Gennadius in the columns of the *Times* recalls the services of that diplomatist when he held the position of Greek Minister in this country. M. Gennadius has lived so long among us that he has identified himself with English ideas and tastes in a remarkable degree. He is an old member of the Johnson Club, of which he will be President next year; and he is very popular among literary men and journalists in London. His mastery of our language enables him to set the Cretan situation before Englishmen with conspicuous ability and moderation, and there can be no doubt that the natural sympathy of the English public with Greece in this controversy is greatly strengthened by the knowledge and tact which M. Gennadius has displayed.

One of the celebrations of the sixtieth year of the Queen's reign is to take the form of a new coinage. We may venture to hope that this will be more successful than the performances of the Mint in commemoration of the Jubilee year. There was a good deal of grumbling then, though people became reconciled to the designs which were rather severely criticised. After all, it is the coin which matters, and not the image and superscription upon it. But although no citizen will carry his æsthetic sensibility so far as to refuse a sovereign which does injustice to her Majesty's head, it is just as well for the Mint to make a special effort to satisfy the artistic perception as well as the commercial instinct.

Canon Owen, Principal of St. David's College, Lampeter, who has been appointed to the vacant bishopric



Photo Russell, Baker Street.
THE REV. CANON OWEN,
New Bishop of St. Davids.

of St. Davids, has already given proof of considerable administrative faculty, combined with a tact which is likely to win all respect for his strongly Welsh sympathies in his new position. A native of Carnarvonshire, he received his early education at Bottwnog Grammar School, whence he passed with a scholarship to that intellectual stronghold of his countrymen, Jesus College, Oxford. After taking his degree, he became senior mathematical master at Appleby Grammar School, but in 1879, although still a layman, he was appointed Professor of Welsh and Classical Lecturer at St. David's College, Lampeter. In the first year of his tenure of these offices he was ordained. Twelve years ago Canon Owen was elected Warden and Head Master of Llandovery College, but resigned that post in 1889 to become Dean of St. Asaph, in succession to Dr. James. But the deanery did not afford sufficient outlet for his energies, and after holding it for three years he returned to Lampeter as Principal.

The King of Benin has a vein of grim humour unusual in a savage. He complains gravely that the British officers he massacred were rude enough to interrupt his devotions. As for the expedition sent to punish him, he remarks that "Plenty white men may catch me if they can." It is probable that they will catch him, and that the situation will not appear so humorous to him then as it does now.

The murder of a barmaid in a railway carriage has again raised the question whether the construction of our railway carriages ought not to be remodelled on the American plan. In an American train such a crime would have been impossible, because all the cars are without partitions, and the conductor walks to and fro constantly. We cling tenaciously to our separate compartments, provided with alarm-communicators which no woman suddenly attacked by a murderer can ever reach. The crime in a Waterloo train is a ghastly commentary on this system, for the unfortunate barmaid was done to death and her body thrust under a seat in an interval of a very few minutes between two stations. She was as helpless as if she had fallen amongst cut-throats on a Yorkshire moor. It is high time that public opinion was forced to see the necessity of demanding some radical change in the design of railway carriages which commend themselves so strangely to English ideas of safety.

Foreigners domiciled in France are to pay for exemption from military service. There is to be a general tax for this purpose, supplemented by a contribution of three per cent. of incomes for the period over which the military service would extend. Evidently the foreigner has a happier time in England so far as State imposts are concerned.

A distinguished soldier has passed away in the person of General Sir Wilbraham Oates Lennox, who died last week at the age of sixty-seven. Sir Wilbraham was a son of Lord John George Lennox, and grandson of the fourth Duke of Richmond. Sir Wilbraham entered the Royal Engineers in 1848, and first saw active service in the Crimea, where he took part in the Battle of Inkerman and the Siege of Sebastopol, and other historic actions, winning medals, clasps, and the V.C.—the last named for his particularly cool and gallant behaviour in establishing a lodgment in Tyron's Rifle-Pit at Sebastopol. Three years later Captain Lennox was once more to the front in the Indian Mutiny. In Lord Clyde's Relief of Lucknow he was in command of the Engineer brigade, and by his valiant conduct won the public thanks of the Governor-General. In the Siege of Cawnpore and subsequent actions he held the same responsible post with the Engineers, was frequently mentioned in despatches, and was promoted to the rank, first of Major, and then of Lieutenant-Colonel. In the Franco-German War he was with the German army, and took part in the Siege of Paris in 1870-71. He had since held the command of the garrison of Alexandria and of the troops in Ceylon, and in 1893, two years after he had received the Order of K.C.B., he became Director-General of Military Education.



Photo Russell and Sons.
THE LATE GENERAL SIR W. O. LENNOX.

On Thursday, Feb. 11, a really fine performance of Mendelssohn's "Elijah" was given by the Royal Choral Society under the direction of Professor Bridge. The choruses were, for the most part, excellently sung, although perhaps the famous "Baal" section of the work was attacked with less spirit than was due to it. Mr. Santley sang surprisingly well, with all his old fire and energy, and with nearly all his old vocal accomplishment. Miss Ella Russell, in the soprano part, and Miss Marian Mackenzie, in the contralto part, were both quite good, and the orchestra played with distinction.

The Queen's Hall Promenade Concert of Saturday, Feb. 13, the fourteenth anniversary of Wagner's death, was something of a revelation as to the London popularity of that composer's music. The promenade was filled to overflowing by an interested and enthusiastic crowd, and every seat in the hall was occupied within half-an-hour of the beginning of the concert. A very important programme included such serious work as the Good Friday music from "Parsifal," the Walkürenritt, the Spring Song from "Die Walküre," the prelude to the third act of "Die Meistersinger," and the prelude to the third act of "Lohengrin." Mr. Wood, who conducted, achieved excellent results, and assuredly deserved all the applause which was bestowed upon him.

While the stirring appeal of the Prince of Wales on behalf of the hospitals of London is still ringing through the land, and while benefit performances of various entertainments are being arranged in this excellent cause, a tribute of appreciation is due to the promoters of a charity entertainment which was organised on behalf of the Middlesex Hospital even before the public heart was moved by the Prince's eloquence. On Saturday last the employees of Messrs. Marshall and Snelgrove offered an attractive programme at St. George's Hall, beginning with a "Magpie Minstrel" miscellany and ending with a very praiseworthy performance of "Sweet Lavender," on behalf of this most deserving institution. We have not heard the exact amount of the sum realised on this occasion, but it is worthy of note that the previous twenty-one entertainments given by the same staff have contributed a total of £961 to various charitable purposes.

Sir Charles Cameron, Bart., of Balclutha, Greenock, who has retained the seat for the Bridgeton Division of Glasgow for the Liberals in succession to Sir George Trevelyan, by the small majority of 125, is a son of the late Mr. John Cameron, newspaper proprietor, of Glasgow and Dublin. The new member was born in the Irish capital in 1841, and had a distinguished career as a student of medicine at the Dublin University School. On leaving Trinity College, Dublin, he continued his medical studies on the Continent until he had taken the degree of M.D., but he never practised as a doctor, for at twenty-three he became editor of the *North British Daily Mail*, and joint proprietor with his father of that journal. In 1873, on the death of his father, he became managing proprietor of the paper, and early in the following year secured a seat in Parliament as one of Glasgow's members. For the next twenty-one years Sir Charles represented one or other of the Glasgow constituencies, but at the last general election he lost his seat to Sir John Stirling-Maxwell. While in the House he was known as a politician of much energy and enterprise.

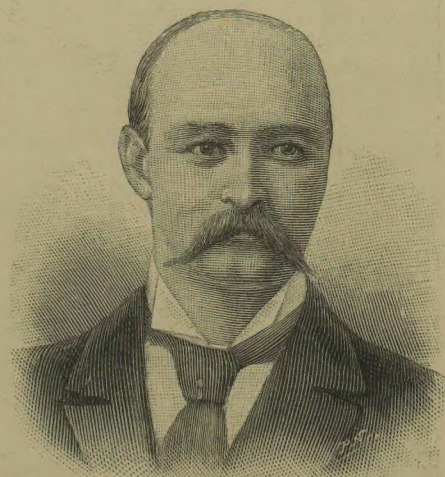


Photo Turnbull, Kilmarnock.
SIR CHARLES CAMERON, BART.,
M.P. for the Bridgeton Division of Glasgow.

The death of the Rev. Samuel Harvey Reynolds, which took place at Biarritz on Feb. 7, removes a striking personality well known to a certain circle of Oxford men and others, who recognised his incisive writing on various subjects in the columns of the *Times* throughout the last twenty years, or appreciated his valuable editorship of such works as Bacon's "Essays," or Selden's "Table-Talk." For those who knew Mr. Reynolds knew him for a man of fine scholarship and brilliant, if somewhat caustic, wit. The son of a North London surgeon, Mr. Reynolds was born in 1832, and received his earlier education at Blundell's School, Tiverton. From Tiverton Mr. Reynolds passed to Oxford as a scholar of Exeter College, and after winning the Newdigate Prize and taking a first-class alike in Classical Moderations and in the Final Classical School, was elected a Fellow of Brasenose College. It was then his intention to be called to the Bar, but after a time he abandoned the idea, and returned to Oxford to hold a College tutorship. He subsequently took holy orders, and remained in Oxford for some years engaged in tutorial work, but in 1871 accepted the living of East Ham, which is in the gift of Brasenose College. He was hardly suited in temperament, however, for the duties of a parish priest, and after discharging them faithfully for a number of years, he resigned the living, and devoted himself to literary work.

Wales has lost one of its oldest Congregationalist ministers and one of its leading bards by the death of the Rev. R. Parry, which took place at Llandudno last week. As a minister, Mr. Parry, who had passed his ninety-fourth birthday, had rendered long and loyal service to his Church, and as a bard, under the soft-sounding name of "Gwalehmai," he attained considerable distinction, winning in the course of his life no fewer than seven oak chairs and sixteen gold and silver medals at successive Eistedfodds. The portrait of the dead bard which we reproduce was taken last year at the Llandudno Eistedfodd, the last assembly of the kind at which the veteran poet was destined to appear.

The appointment of Mr. James Forbes of Eallabus, Islay, to be Commissioner on the Queen's Highland estate has met with general approval among the people of Deeside, for he is known to be a man of great experience in the management of property, having been for some years assistant to Mr. John Dickson, the Duke of Buccleuch's Commissioner, and for thirteen years Assistant Chamberlain to the Duke at Thornhill, Dumfriesshire. More recently Mr. Forbes has been managing Mr. Charles Morrison's large Islay estate. In local affairs, outside the immediate range of his duties, Mr. Forbes has proved himself possessed of much public spirit and enterprise. At Thornhill he was a member of the Local School Board and a Captain in the Volunteers, and since he has been Mr. Morrison's manager he has combined the various duties of J.P., County Councillor and Chairman of the Islay District Committee, Commissioner of Income-Tax, and other public offices, the lengthy list of which testifies sufficiently to the new Commissioner's energy and ability.



MR. JAMES FORBES.

The Army has lost a promising young officer by the death of Lieutenant Arthur Cleghorn Thomson, who was killed while pluckily doing his duty as one of the commanding officers in charge of the advance guard at the capture of Bida. Lieutenant Thomson, who was only in his twenty-seventh year, spent his school-days at Cheltenham College, where he won celebrity as an all-round athlete, and notably as a Rugby football player. He was a popular personality with boys and masters alike, and one of the latter has paid a particularly pleasing compliment to the thoroughly manly tone of his influence as a leader of schoolboy opinion in his generation. The same qualities made him a great favourite at Sandhurst, where he was captain of the fifteen and a member of the gymnastic team. He received his commission in the Leicestershire Regiment some four and a half years ago, and before his recent departure to Africa was on duty at the Leicester dépôt. He took up his appointment to the Royal Niger Company's service last autumn.

The visit of the Austrian Minister of Foreign Affairs, Count Goluchowski, to Berlin, where he was invited by the German Emperor to attend the festival of the Prussian Order of the Black Eagle, is regarded as a token of good understanding between the Great Powers of the Triple Alliance. His Majesty and Prince Hohenlohe, the Imperial Chancellor, may indeed take the opportunity to concert with Austria some definite policy with reference to the situation of the Turkish Empire, since the Court of Vienna cannot view the present crisis with such indifference as that which Berlin statesmanship has affected, yet may not risk playing a more active part without consulting its chief Continental ally. It is to be hoped that the result of these conferences may be to confirm the agreement of all the European Powers in their immediate dealings with the Cretan revolt and in their postponed measures for the relief of other afflicted subjects of the Sultan. No other State can possibly have so real and so near an interest as Austria has in the tranquillity and prosperity of those provinces of Turkey in Europe, especially Macedonia and Albania, which must become the scene of fierce strife in the event of a general rising of the Greek populations to cast off Turkish rule. Count Goluchowski is well qualified to impress these views on the minds of those who have to determine the attitude of Germany upon an occasion probably destined to bring about greater changes in Eastern affairs than those effected in 1878.

General Lynedoch Gardiner, whose portrait we reproduce this week, has received the honour of knighthood. He was made a C.B. some years ago, and has been Groom-in-Waiting to the Queen for a considerable period.

An interesting jubilee was celebrated last week when Mr. G. Abbott completed the fiftieth year of his service in the employment of the South-Eastern Railway Company, and was the recipient of an appropriate testimonial and presentation in honour of the event. The occasion was made the more remarkable by the fact that it was no case of retirement, for Mr. Abbott remains an energetic member of the company's staff in the onerous position of District Superintendent. The record of Mr. Abbott's career is as instructive as it is interesting, covering, as it does, a period of enormous development in the history of railway locomotion. Fifty years ago Mr. Abbott, then a boy of twelve years, began life as an assistant to the toll-collector at the tunnel beneath Spa Road, one of the halting-places on the old London railway between the Metropolis and Greenwich. Those were the early days of the South-Eastern line, which had only advanced beyond Tunbridge in 1842. The construction of the North Kent line led to the closing of the old Spa Road subway, and young Abbott's energies were removed to London Bridge. Thereafter he became a guard, and in a few years had won so good a reputation with his employers that he was frequently chosen to act as guard on special trains by which royal personages were travelling. More than thirty years ago, however, Mr. Abbott left the rank of guard behind him, to become Chief Inspector at London Bridge, and subsequently Superintendent at Cannon Street. Six years ago he undertook the combined duties of District Superintendent at Cannon Street and Charing Cross.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, with Princess Beatrice, on Monday left Osborne for Windsor Castle, to stay there until she goes to Nice, but will be at Buckingham Palace on Feb. 23, and will hold a Drawing-Room next day. The Empress Frederick is still a guest of the Queen, her mother, but on Friday went to Sandringham on a visit to the Prince and Princess of Wales, and rejoined the Queen at Windsor on Monday. Lord and Lady Tennyson were guests of the Queen at Osborne on Thursday evening, and stayed the night. Lord Salisbury visited her Majesty on Tuesday evening.

Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein and her daughter, Princess Victoria, were last week guests of the Bishop of Winchester at Farnham Castle.

The Prince and Princess of Wales have been entertaining a large party of guests at Sandringham, including the French Ambassador, the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, the Marquis and Marchioness of Londonderry, and Earl and Countess Spencer.

At the King's Lynn Trades and Crafts Exhibition, opened last week by the Princess of Wales, a first prize for ornamental leather-work was awarded to her Royal Highness, and certificates of merit to her daughters.

The City of London Court of Common Council on Feb. 11, the Lord Mayor presiding, resolved to present an address to the Queen on the sixtieth anniversary of the



Photo Moffat, Edinburgh.
THE LATE LIEUTENANT A. C. THOMSON.



Photo Maull and Fox, Piccadilly.
GENERAL SIR LYNEDOCH GARDINER.



Photo Henner.
COUNT GOLUCHOWSKI.



Photo Lambert Weston, Dover.
MR. GEORGE ABBOTT.



Photo Whithead, Glyncroft, Crumpsall.
THE LATE REV. R. PARRY,
The Welsh Bard "Gwalchmai."

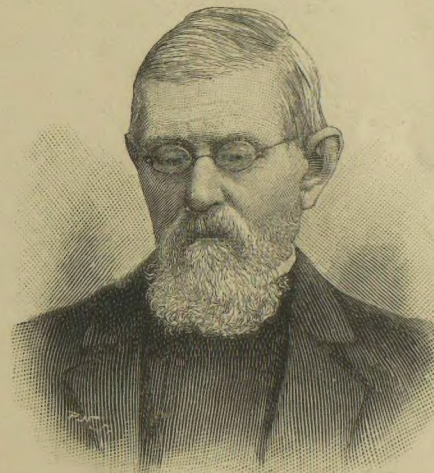


Photo Leigh, Up'con.
THE LATE REV. S. HARVEY REYNOLDS.

commencement of her reign, and directed the City Lands Committee to devise arrangements.

A farewell banquet was given to the Hon. T. F. Bayard, the United States Ambassador, by the Royal Societies Club on Feb. 11, Sir Clements Markham in the chair, when the friendly representative of America expressed his opinion that the principle of international arbitration of disputes, having now been admitted, could not permanently be obstructed, though its operation might be delayed. The Archbishop of Canterbury and the Lord Chief Justice spoke. Mr. Bayard on Saturday dined with the Sheffield Press Club.

The House of Commons South Africa Inquiry Committee held a meeting last week, and again on Tuesday. Permission was granted to the Chartered Company, to Mr. Cecil Rhodes, Mr. Alfred Beit, directors, to Dr. Jameson, and to Mr. Leonard Phillips to be represented by counsel. Mr. Cecil Rhodes was the first witness examined on Tuesday.

The Duke of Devonshire, presiding on Feb. 11 at the annual meeting of the Liberal Unionist Council, expressed his willingness to merge both the names of Conservative and Liberal Unionist in the Unionist party, though without giving up Liberal principles, while questions such as that of the State grant in aid of Voluntary schools would be examined by Liberal Unionists in a spirit very different from that of the Liberal Opposition party.

The election for the Chertsey Division of Surrey, contested between Mr. H. Currie Leigh Bennett, Conservative, and Mr. Lawrence J. Baker, Liberal, and the election for the Bridgeton Division of Glasgow, in which Mr. Scott Dickson, Solicitor-General for Scotland, was opposed by Sir Charles Cameron, Liberal, have taken place this week. The latter was decided by poll on Monday, when Sir Charles Cameron was elected—obtaining 4506 votes against 4381 for Mr. Scott Dickson. The Chertsey poll was on Thursday.

The election of a member of the London County Council for Haggerston resulted at the polling on Saturday in favour of the Right Hon. George Shaw-Lefevre, Progressive, with a majority of 301 votes over Lord Wolverton.

French government or protectorate of the Society Islands in the South Pacific Ocean has been obliged to assert its authority by a naval force at Raiatea, in consequence of a native insurrection. The war-ships *Duguay Trouin* and *L'Aube* landed five hundred men, who attacked the rebel camp and with a little fighting dispersed the hostile force, killing thirty and taking a hundred and fifty prisoners; the rebel chief took flight.

PARLIAMENT.

The fortunes of the Education Bill are rather more promising than they appeared to be at first. Mr. Balfour has swept away the preliminary obstacles raised by the Opposition, and the Ministerial majorities are so large that their opponents are outvoted by two to one. This is mainly due to the secession of the Nationalists from the Liberal side. Mr. Dillon has announced that he and his friends must support the Bill in the interests of the Catholic schools. At the same time, he has not blessed Mr. Balfour's proposals, but has tried to conciliate his late allies by condemning the neglect of the Government to provide for the Board schools at once. Mr. Balfour has explained this omission on the ground that the Board school

grant, when it comes, will need a very different machinery from that provided in the present Bill for the Voluntary schools. This is not satisfactory to the Opposition, and it is not accepted on the Ministerial side with absolute confidence. Mr. Chamberlain made his first appearance in the Education debates, with a slashing attack on Sir William Harcourt, "whose consistency is a priceless possession of the House of Commons." For the rest, the Colonial Secretary's argument was that without the Voluntary schools the rates would be enormously increased—a perfectly sound plea as far as it goes. Unluckily, it does not go far enough to satisfy the ratepayers of Walthamstow that a Bill must be very good which relieves the subscribers to Voluntary schools in that district with-

out lightening the burden of the School Board rate. Mr. Morley made an elaborate attack on the machinery for enabling "federated" schools to spend the new grant, and Sir John Gorst, whose appearance in the debate seemed to afford the Opposition no little amusement, defended the Bill without excessive ardour. The Women's Suffrage Bill has got nominally into Committee. It was read a second time by a majority of 71, after a debate in which no member of the Government took part. Sir William Harcourt denounced it root and branch on the ground that the principle of the suffrage for women must eventually place the destinies of the country in the hands of a majority of female electors. This prospect had no alarms for Mr. Courtney. Mr. Labouchere told some amusing anecdotes, especially of the beautiful young woman who, when he confessed that he would not vote for the female franchise, said, "Do you believe in love?" As everybody knows that this Bill cannot pass, the subject is not of immediate importance. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, in the course of a financial statement about the Dongola Expedition, admitted that there would be a gradual advance to Khartoum, and hinted that the Mixed Tribunals of Egypt which had vetoed the advance of half a million by the Caisse de la Dette Publique towards the expenses of the Expedition, would have to be reformed. This brought up Sir William Harcourt with a protest against this threat to judicial authorities who had acted within their technical rights. In a division which was taken to enforce this sentiment, the Radicals were badly beaten. Sir Charles Dilke raised an important debate on the Army, which he declared to be utterly inefficient. Mr. Brodrick defended the proposals of the Government, which amount to an increase of the home forces by eleven battalions, a measure described by hostile critics as absolutely futile. In a subsequent statement Mr. Brodrick gave his reasons for believing that the transfer of three battalions of the Guards to Gibraltar would increase the efficiency of the six battalions left at home. One thing certain is that the present strength of the brigade is most inadequate.

THE CRETAN CRISIS.



CRETAN INSURGENTS PICKING OFF TURKISH TROOPS IN A MOUNTAIN PASS.

A FOUNTAIN SEALED

BY

SIR WALTER BESANT

ILLUSTRATED BY H. G. BURGESS.



CHAPTER XII.

MOLLY AND THE CORPORAL.

Hitherto I have told you what I saw and did and heard myself. I must now ask you to read something which bears upon this history, yet was confessed or delivered to me by another or by others:

It is nothing less than the reason why Captain Sellinger was at Marylebone Gardens that evening.

Servants, especially women, are always listening and prying, the ear at the door ajar, the eye at the keyhole. It affords them, I suppose, some pleasure, unintelligible by ourselves, to find

out what is going on, even when there is nothing to conceal.

My own maid Molly, a person of great curiosity, though in other respects an excellent woman, when she was not watching her mistress and trying to make out which was the lover, turned her attention to the other residents of the house. The Corporal and Mrs. Bates had become her intimate friends: Captain Sellinger provoked no curiosity—a man who is drunk every day cannot be interesting to a woman, who naturally prefers Apollo to Bacchus: therefore there remained only the Doctor.

"There is something wrong," she said—one cannot stop the tongue of a woman when she is dressing your hair. "The Doctor keeps the key of the garden door"—it opened out upon the park. "He has friends calling all day long: they come in at the front door, and he lets them out by the garden-door. He thinks I can't see out of the kitchen window for the shrubs, but I can. They whisper in the passage: sometimes they go out quite late at night."

One did not encourage her in these confidences; but it was strange. What was the man doing that he should receive visitors by day and night in this secret manner? He might be a wizard, perhaps: or a fortune-teller, or an astrologer: there are always plenty of these gentry about for those who wish to learn the future and make themselves miserable beforehand. To be sure, the Doctor looked like a gentleman though he went about with torn ruffles and ragged skirts. However, the subject concerned us not, and, besides, there were more pleasant things to think about.

But Molly communicated her suspicions to the Corporal, who frequently took a pipe of tobacco in the kitchen of an evening with a tankard of our small ale, to which the honest fellow was truly welcome.

He listened carelessly, at first, as not concerned with a prying woman's chatter: a gentleman had a right to receive his friends at one door and to let them out at another if he pleases. There is no law against whispering in the passage: one is not compelled to go to bed at midnight.

"But," said Molly, mysteriously, "they talk a foreign jargon." "What language?" he asked. "Molly, it may be pure Yorkshire or Welsh."

"It may be French," she replied. And at this the Corporal sat up, attentive.

At that time, as everybody knows, we were at war with France. If it was French, what did Frenchmen do in St. James's Place? The Corporal, therefore, became thoughtful: he put down his pipe and considered the subject. Presently, after binding Molly over on the New Testament to secrecy, he told her that he thought it might be worth his while to become, for the first time in his life, a spy: he

would watch and listen: he would find out why this company talked a foreign language. A spy, he explained, was a person whose occupation justly stinks; yet in such a cause as this: for country and King: as a soldier: a man must not shrink. Besides, he confessed, much advantage, in case of the thing proving important, might accrue to his own interests.

He was moved, therefore, to turn spy, and to watch the Doctor closely and constantly.

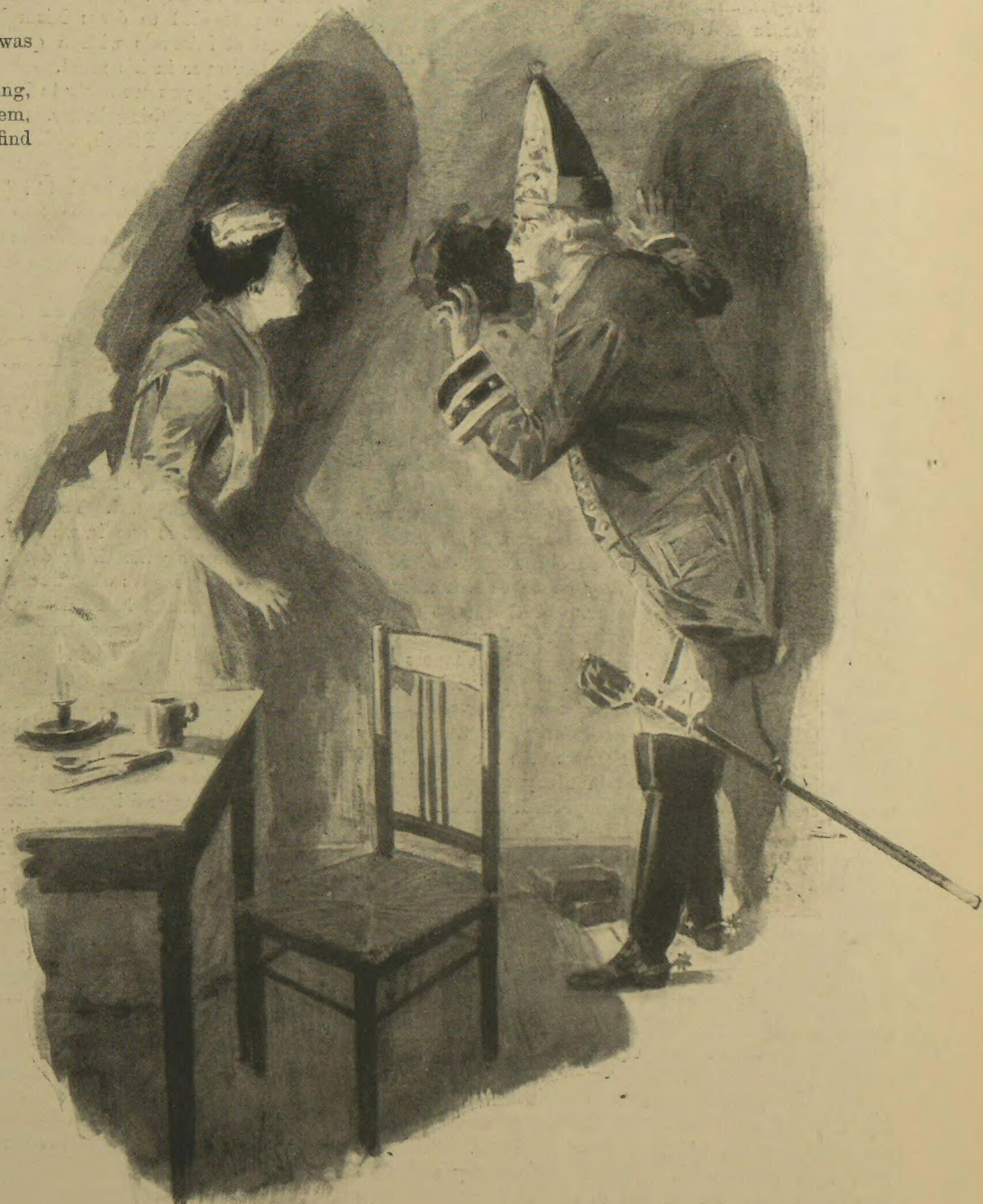
"The thing," he said, "must be done by rule and plan, as one lays siege to a fortification. Let us consider. At two the Doctor goes to his dinner: he returns at six. He, therefore, after dinner, sits in the coffee-house. His habits and his hours are fixed. Molly, I shall procure a master-key. That in our hands, we will to-morrow shut the front door when the Doctor goes out, and I will then secretly make a first examination of the country."

This he did. He found the room as you have heard. There were papers on the table which he did not disturb; but he examined the wall. The room was wainscotted like our own upstairs. He measured a certain distance from the fireplace at the height of his own eye: he then came out, having touched nothing on the table, nor opened the cupboard or the box. "That will do for a beginning," he said. "You can open the front door again, Molly, and the Doctor may return when he pleases."

He then returned to the kitchen, the walls of which were plastered with a yellow stuff: he scraped away a square space at a place corresponding to his measurements in the other room, and with some difficulty removed two or three bricks from the party-wall. He could then put his eye close to the wainscoting in the other room. "A small skewer, Molly," he called. With this he made half-a-dozen little holes in the wainscoting which would be invisible the other side. "Excellent! I can now command the table, and I think I shall hear what they say. Molly, there must be no talking in the kitchen while these bricks are out. Every evening I shall take them out: every evening I shall put them back: you must cover the place with the frying-pan or something in the day-time."

In the evening, about nine o'clock, the Doctor's friends arrived: there were four or five of them, and they entered by the front door singly and without knocking at the door, which stood open.

The Corporal took down the frying-pan, removed the bricks, and stood prying through one of the holes, and listened intently.



"Molly," he murmured, "they are the greatest villains unhung."

"Molly," he murmured, "they are talking French. A fortunate chance indeed that I should understand that language."

So he listened again, very earnestly. "Molly," he murmured presently, "they are the greatest villains unhung. They are traitors: they are rebels: they are . . ." Again he applied himself.

In a word, save for occasional whispered ejaculations, the Corporal stood there till eleven o'clock, when the Doctor arose and let out his friends by the back way, Molly blowing out the candle so that he should not suspect.

The Corporal replaced the bricks, hung up the frying-pan, and went to bed, where he lay awake all night long, thinking what he had better do.

In the morning he came down, greatly moved and agitated. "Molly," he whispered, "not a word, even to your ladies. You have sworn. There will be murder if you talk. Not a word, Molly, on your life. And now go call my wife downstairs." She came down, the poor patient thing, so hard-worked, so anxious about her brats. "My dear," he said, "cheer up. Let us rejoice. Look out upon the world with smiling face. Behold the sun: the clouds fly; the rain stops; I see fair weather coming. My dear, something is going to happen—some great thing—I know not yet what; but some great thing. I must drink to my good fortune. If you please, Molly, a tankard—we will all drink. Give it to me. Ha!" He poured out a glass and held it up to the light. "It foams and sparkles, and the bubbles rise. They rise like me, my dear. For thy husband this day is a made man. It shall mean—I swear—my commission—long deferred—nothing less." He still held the glass to the light.

"My dear," said his wife, "has trouble driven thee distraught?"

"Distraught? I? Nay, it is not trouble before us, but joy. My dear, I am like unto one who lights on buried treasure. I see before me a splendid future. Let us drink first to the Lieutenant—that is, to me myself: next to the Lieutenant's charming wife—to thee, my dear; then to the Captain's lovely consort—to thee, my dear; and lastly, to the Colonel's honoured lady—to thee, Madam, to thee."

"Oh! what does this mean?" she asked.

"I drink to you, my dear—always to you—in silk and satin, the Pride of the Regiment!"

He finished the tankard and set it down. "And now," he said, "I go to consult Captain Sellinger. I am the bearer of State news—State Despatches. I am a Royal Messenger!"

"Well, Sir," said Molly, "the Captain was put to bed drunk last night, and he will be sleeping still."

That was, in fact, the case. The Corporal had, therefore, to wait until noon, when he waited upon him while he was dressing.

"Sir," said the Corporal, "my errand shall prove, I make bold to say, an excuse for this intrusion upon your privacy."

"Corporal, you have your proper officer: you have the Captain of your troop. If your business concerns your troop, go to him."

"It does not, Sir. It is a business of so great importance that I crave permission to pour it into your Honour's ears. After that, if you so direct, I will take it to my own Captain."

"Go on, then, Corporal. But first give me the tankard." The Captain took a long drink of that refreshing creature, small ale, with which he would always revive his spirits in the morning. "So!" he said, "the night was cheerful: the punch was strong." He sat on the table in his shirt sleeves, his stockings down at heel, his hair not dressed. "Now I am ready; go on, Corporal."

What he heard was what you have already surmised. The Doctor on the ground floor was both a Jacobite and a French spy. His friends, also Jacobites, appeared to be of English descent, but, as they spoke French fluently, were probably the sons or grandsons of those who formed the Court of James II. in exile, whom he created earls and barons. They were talking over the chances of a rising or demonstration in favour of the Pretender whenever the King, who was already seventy-seven years of age, should die. For greater security, as they fondly thought, they conversed in French. As for their hopes they were assured of support in many quarters—it was not, remember, more than fifteen years from the Rebellion of 1745, which so nearly succeeded.

That was the general purport of the nightly meetings.

"You say," said the Captain thoughtfully, after another draught of ale, "that they have papers and lists with them."

"They were lying on the table."

"If the Doctor has them in his keeping we can secure them easily. However—Hark ye, Corporal, this business should be told to your Captain. If it becomes a case for trial, you must show that you went to the right quarter."

"By your leave, Sir, one minute more."

"If they want to proclaim James Francis Edward"—the Captain went on—"let them. I would counsel encouraging them till they grew confident. We shall then know who are his friends in the country and shall be able to hang 'em all and so an end."

"But this is not all, Sir."

"Not all! What the devil would the fellow have? Will they carry off the King?"

"You shall hear, Sir. They have hatched a most diabolical plot, which will be carried into execution this very evening: or to-morrow evening, as the circumstances will allow."

"Go on, man. Come to the point. What is their plot?"

"In one word, Sir. Two young gentlemen, as your Honour very well knows, come to this house often and always in the evening. Your Honour knows their faces very well. So do I, although but a Corporal, and for the same reason. Well, Sir, they shall be nameless. At ten o'clock, or thereabouts, they come downstairs, thinking of nothing: the stairs are dark: suppose an ambuscade of half-a-dozen men in the dark passage: suppose the Doctor's door suddenly thrown open: there is a rush: the two gentlemen are seized—gagged—handcuffed. In the Place outside waits a coach: at Westminster Bridge stairs waits a boat: in the pool waits a ship ready to weigh anchor and drop down the river, and so cross to the coast of France."

The Captain sprang to his feet, dropping the tankard and spilling the beer. "Corporal Bates," he cried, "I believe you are a liar of the first water."

"I wish I was, Sir. But for my truth and honesty I might now be commanding my company."

"This is the most desperate villainy! This is unheard of! The King so old that he may die any day . . . How many of them are there?"

"Not more than six, I should say. But there may be more behind."

"Yes—more behind, perhaps—but no more for an attempt in a narrow passage. Corporal, if you are lying . . ."

"Sir," said the Corporal, taking a Bible which lay, more for show, I fear, than for use, in the window, "I swear, upon this sacred volume"—he kissed it—"by all my hopes of eternal happiness; by the sacred name of God Almighty, that every word is true. Captain, this evening will show that I am no liar. The ship which waits for them is a brig called the *Tower of Brill*, Amsterdam. The captain has been bought, though I believe he does not know the names of the gentlemen he is to take across. He will sail into French waters and will become a French prize: the coach has been hired: it will be driven by one of the conspirators: they will assemble to-night, and in the Doctor's room: they have not yet decided whether to make the attempt on the stairs or as the gentlemen are walking out of the door."

The Captain looked at him seriously. "I cannot choose but believe you, my man. Well—how best to tackle this villainy?"

He proceeded to dress leisurely, turning upon the Corporal at intervals with a question, while he turned the matter over in his mind.

"Corporal, you are ready to fight in this cause?"

"Sir, I ask nothing better. And I am a master in the art of fence, which I teach, with fortification and the forms of siege."

"Corporal, you can be silent?"

"Sir, I am a soldier—therefore silent. I teach the art of war, with the soldier's duties, to all who come."

"Corporal, you have a wife, I understand. Can she hold her tongue?"

"The poor creature knows nothing of this business."

"Corporal, you appear to be a man of courage."

"Will your Honour give me the command of a forlorn hope?"

"Does anyone in this house, or out of it, know these visitors?"

"I think not, Sir. Molly, the maid, knows that they come. You and I are the only two who know."

"Hark ye, Corporal. This is not an affair to take to Bow Street. It is one in which your loyalty will be best shown in keeping the thing dark. If it were to succeed the Lord only knows what would happen. If it were to fail with a fight and half a dozen killed and wounded and the noise of it spread over the whole world, there would be a proper kind of scandal indeed. No: the attempt itself must be prevented. Now, Corporal, you and I must prevent it for the sake of the ladies. Our services will not be put in the *Gazette*: there will be no promotion for us: yet I take it upon me to assure you that you shall be no loser."

The poor Corporal hung his head. Silence and secrecy! And he had dreamed of a fight: slaughter of the conspirators: and himself the hero of the fray! And, after all, silence and secrecy!

"I repeat, Corporal, you shall be no loser. Very well. You and I must mount guard together every night from the time these villains arrive till the time they go away. And we must escort these gentlemen unseen home. Meantime, you are sure that the ladies know nothing about it?"

"I am certain they do not."

"Humph! Give Molly, the maid, this guinea to keep her mouth shut. Very good. Let me think." He sat on the table again and buried his nose in the tankard, now empty. Custom connected the attitude with the assistance of thought.

The Corporal, meanwhile, pulled out of his pocket a paper, which he unrolled and smoothed upon the table.

"It is a plan, Sir, drawn to scale, of the ground floor. Here is the Doctor's room: here the stairs: here is the kitchen: here the back door, the garden, and the garden door. I drew it this morning for your Honour's use."

"You are a man of infinite accomplishments, Corporal. This is admirable. Well, I think a little sand in the lock of the garden door will stop their retreat, in case we come to cold steel, which I doubt. This evening, Corporal, you will patrol the passage and the back garden. If you find a man or two in ambuscade, run him through, I will take the consequences—run him through."

"I will, Sir." The Corporal drew himself up and smiled satisfaction.

"Have a candle burning in the passage or at the bend of the stairs: have another in the kitchen. Don't hide yourself: make a little noise to show that you are there. I will take the court and the front door. Remember, man, we want to prevent them, not to draw them on: we want to save certain gentlemen from a scandal and certain ladies from things which would be believed and said about them."

That night the Doctor's friends were assembled: the coach was waiting: those who were to hide under the stairs found a candle burning in the passage and a soldier carelessly walking about: the man on the coach-box observed that another, an officer, was standing on the door-steps or walking backwards and forwards before the door: one or two came out of the Doctor's room and observed him. At about ten o'clock there were steps on the stairs: the Doctor's door was opened and his head was poked out. The two gentlemen came down: they stood on the door-step: behind them was the Corporal, beside them was the Captain. They walked away: after them, at a little distance, followed the Captain and the Corporal. Then the Doctor's friends got into their coach and silently drove away.

We knew nothing about this nightly watch, but the guard at Marylebone could not be passed over. I asked Captain Sellinger what it meant. "We are not Princesses," I said, "to want a guard of honour."

"Nobody more deserves a guard of honour, Miss Nancy." He looked at me strangely and anxiously.

"But you seemed to come after us."

"Highwaymen are about: foot-pads are hanged every day by the dozen: pickpockets, hustlers, ruffians, are as common as oysters. Ladies must be protected."

"Thank you, Captain Sellinger," I replied. "But ladies do not ask for better protection than that of their own escort. We have two very gallant gentlemen for our escort."

"Villains abound. London is full of dangers. There can be no other reason, Miss Nancy, since you know of none."

CHAPTER XIII.

A RIVER PARTY.

After the masquerade, the next event of interest was our party on the river. It took place one evening early in October, when the sun sets soon after five. The weather, however, in that year was, for the season, open and mild—even warm, so that the freshness of the air upon the river and its coolness were pleasant.

When our friends first proposed this excursion, I looked forward to nothing more than to be tugged up the river by two pairs of brawny arms, and to be regaled by the horrid language of the rowers: in short, such a pleasure-party as may be seen upon the river whenever the weather is fine. We should probably, also, be splashed with water during the voyage. Therefore, I looked forward to it, I say, with no great pleasure, except for the society which I had—alas!—already learned to desire so much.

It was arranged that we should be at the Whitehall Stairs, whither Corporal Bates escorted us, at the hour of half-past four. Whitehall Stairs, formerly the stairs of the Palace, of which little now remains, are not a very convenient place for two gentlewomen to be kept waiting, though they are less frequented than many others, and consequently less disgusting for ears of delicacy. I wonder if there will ever arrive a time when the watermen of London will learn to speak with decency and to affirm without blasphemy.

But we were not kept waiting, for, true to time, the boat which was to convey us came sweeping up the river, and was held by a hook to the long pole or mast at the end of the stairs. Boat do I call it? Why, Queen Cleopatra herself, whose barge is represented in one of my cousin's pictures, never had so beautiful a vessel: nor had Queen Elizabeth anything, I am sure, half so fine when she took the air upon the river: nor has the Lord Mayor a finer vessel when he comes up the river on the ninth day of November: nor has any City Company a more beautiful vessel. It was a barge capable of holding I know not how many people: within and without it was all carved work, bright paint and gilded wood: most lovely was she—every boat is feminine—to look at as she lay upon the water: her bows rose up high, with a figurehead representing a maiden, all (apparently) of pure gold: in the middle she was low, and she rose again in the stern: she had six oars on each side: the men wore a scarlet livery: the man who took the helm was also in scarlet: two or three footmen, also in scarlet, stood about beside the steersman: a cabin or chamber was constructed in front of the helm: that is to say, neither in the middle nor in the

stern, but between the two: the roof was supported by slim and elegant intertwined pillars of carved wood: the sides were open, but there were velvet curtains to be drawn if the air should prove cold: round the sides were cushioned seats: in the middle stood a small table, at present with nothing upon it: in the bows was a band of music, hautboys, horns, harps, violins, and other instruments.

When we came down the stairs the harpist ran his fingers over the strings and struck up the old air, "How should I my true love know?" This I received as a compliment to myself, because I once said that a harp moved me more than any other instrument and another time said that I liked the tune of "How should I my true love know?"

"Heavens!" murmured my cousin. "Where did they get this splendid barge? It is not one of the City barges, or I should know it."

"Welcome!" said Sir George, stepping on to the stairs. "We have luckily secured this barge. I hope it will prove comfortable." So he handed us into the cabin and placed us at the end, taking his own seat on the right-hand side by me, and his brother sitting opposite on the left-hand of Isabel.

And then they pushed off the boat, and the voyage, which remains graven upon my heart to this day, began. Oh! that the happy day could come back again! Oh! that one could not only remember past joys and recall sweet words, but also see the lovely youth once more, rejoicing in his manhood, full of love and happiness! But for the hope that, somehow, we cannot imagine in what way, vanished joys will be restored to us, life would be too sad for endurance. We should accuse Providence, and die hopeless. They pushed off the boat, I say, and we dropped down into the open stream. Over our heads hung or streamed out a long silken pennant: thus were flags flying in the bows and at the stern: the boat was all glorious within and without: my heart beat: my colour came and went: my eyes, I know not why, filled with tears: and Sir George gazed upon me fondly and fixedly as if he could never have enough.

We passed without accident through the arches of Westminster Bridge and pursued our stately way, the oars lifting and falling without noise, up the river beyond the houses and buildings which cease at Lambeth and are followed by low shores with trees, fields, and market-gardens, and a house here and there.

The course of the river at Westminster is nearly north and south: before reaching Chelsea the river bends to the west: here we faced the sun, now westering rapidly: before us the river lay spread out like a sheet of red gold reflecting the sky above, which was truly like a vision of the New Jerusalem.

"This is a dream of fairyland," said my cousin.

"I have seen many sunsets on the Atlantic," said Edward; "both sunsets over a rough sea and sunsets over a sea as smooth as this river to-night; and I have seen sunsets in the Mediterranean: but give me still the river Thames."

"My brother is happier than I," Sir George added. "He is a sailor and can travel. I must stay at home. Therefore I rejoice to hear that our Thames is as beautiful as any of the famous rivers of foreign lands."

The tide was flowing and nearly high: the river seemed brimming over, it was so full: the water was covered with swans floating about by twos and threes—there were hundreds of the graceful creatures; there were also many boats on the river. Mostly they contained girls and their sweethearts (one supposes they were sweethearts) enjoying like us the freshness of the air and their own society: and there were many of the huge unwieldy barges filled to the water's edge with hay or with casks or coals or iron,

"Will the ladies take their regale now, brother?" asked Edward.

"Sir, can you speak of eating in such a scene as this?" replied my cousin.

But she sat up as if in readiness—while two of the footmen quickly spread the cloth and laid upon it the supper. Truly, the supper would tempt an ankerss, if any ankresses yet remain to mortify their appetites and serve the Lord by starving. For there were pheasants and grouse—the latter bird brought out of Yorkshire, we were told, by flying post, so that the brace on our table had actually been shot two hundred and fifty miles away, two days before. And there was fruit of all kinds, pears, peaches, plums, grapes, the most costly and the most delicious that the country can produce.

It was now nearly dark. Then a new surprise awaited us. For, as if by magic, there appeared hanging round the high bows of the barge a kind of crown of gleaming lamps of all colours, and a footman lit candles in our cabin, and we found ourselves sitting in a blaze of light. Then the harpist stopped, and the horns and the hautboys began tossing the music out upon the waters, which tossed it on to the shore, and so it came echoing back. If this world, I thought, can be made so heavenly, what must Heaven itself be like?

"Come," said our host, when we had exclaimed and applauded, "let us see what they have given us for supper. It will be found, I fear, a poor offering in return for your great kindness in coming."

Their poor offering was, I have said, a most delicate little banquet. One wanted nothing: the fresh air, the gleaming lights, the music of the horns, the company and conversation of our entertainers, were as exhilarating as the wine and as staying as the chicken and partridge. It must be confessed that we did justice to these viands, cheered as they were by the lively sallies of Edward, and the graver discourse of his brother.

Supper finished, the footman who had been standing behind the cabin came in and rapidly carried off the dishes, leaving in their place a bowl of punch. He also extinguished the candles in the cabin

and left us in the light produced by the glass lamps in the bows.

Beside me sat Sir George. He had been pensive and even melancholy during the supper, gazing from time to time upon me with eyes that now I understand. Sad is the lot of the woman upon whom those eyes have never rested: eyes full of tenderness, and respect, and longing. The memory of those eyes remains with me to comfort my lonely age: "Once," they say, "thou wert fair and a man loved thee for thy beauty: once thou wert so fair that a man believed thee to have all the virtues that belong to an angel: once wert thou thought so fair that a man worshipped thee as one worships a wood-nymph or a goddess of the heathen."

"What think you of our music, fair Nancy?" he said, bending over me.



"Welcome!" said Sir George, stepping on to the stairs. "We have luckily secured this barge. I hope it will prove comfortable."

working their way up stream with the tide, the men on board tugging at their long sweeps.

The scene was so beautiful that we sat in silence, ravished by the sight. And all this time the harper played to us, changing his tune continually into something still more sweet and beautiful. Thus he played, "Early one morning, just as the sun was rising," "Drink to me only with thine eyes"—when Sir George began to sing my songs softly—"Begone, devil care," "Sweet, if you love me," "The dusky night rides down the sky"; and more. The smaller boats, as we swept along, tried to keep up with us for the delight of the music: but could not, so they huzzaed and let us go on our way. Presently the sun sank, and before long there fell upon the world a soft and sweet twilight, on which rose a moon glorious and beautiful,

It was now, I say, almost dark in our cabin save for the lights in the bows: the rowers lifted and dipped their oars noiselessly: the music was gentle: the air was soft: my heart was well-nigh full of happiness. And now I was to be lifted out of myself—yea—to the seventh heaven—with such joy as I never thought could fill a human heart.

"The music," I replied, "seems to celebrate the happiness of this evening. Yet for a touch I could weep. Why does music move one to tears?"

He laid his left hand timidly round my waist: with the right he took my hand and kissed it. "Sweet Nancy," he whispered, "believe that I would die rather than bring a tear into those eyes. If the music makes thee sad, sweet girl, it shall cease."

"Nay, but there are tears of joy as well as of sadness." I tried to withdraw my hand, but he held it firmly. Besides, it was the kind of capture to which a woman is resigned: and, again, his words, his grasp, the pressure of his arm upon my waist all together, suddenly and swiftly, awakened me and changed vague yearnings into strong love—strong as death—yea—stronger. From that moment I have been wholly his—all my heart, all my soul, all my thoughts—were and are his and his alone.

It costs me no pain now to remember these things: a few tears of regret, perhaps: but such regrets console the season of age: the memory of those days ennobles me: it makes me proud and happy: sometimes when I have thought long over them I take down a book which, in spite of all the Divines pretend, I find full of earthly love. I mean the Song of Solomon, and I read the verses concerning my beloved with that sense of experience which makes me understand them all.

"My tender sweetheart!" he whispered low, while the music drowned his words, and the others could not see. I hear that soft, sweet whisper still; 'twill comfort my dying moments: it is my consolation from day to day, from hour to hour, to remember it. Oh! I was the first in his heart: the first. Yes, the first: before the other came across the seas: I was the first. "My tender sweetheart! My most beloved mistress!" Then he drew me gently to his bosom, and laid my head upon his shoulder and kissed me on the forehead and on the cheek and on the lips, murmuring, "Oh, my tender sweetheart! Oh, my most beloved mistress!" This was all he said. It was not so dark in the cabin but that the others might see something; but I know not how much they saw.

How long did this declaration last? Indeed, I have no recollection, because I lost myself. Presently I heard his brother's voice.

"George, we are near the Stairs. Are you asleep?"

"No, brother. I have never been so wakeful, believe me. Are we really near Whitehall Stairs again? Oh! let us turn round and have it all over again!"

His brother laughed. "I wish we could. But there are other things to do this evening."

"True—a most tedious card-party awaits us, Miss Nancy. Alas! here we are, and the evening is done."

It surprised me when we landed at the stairs to find a link-boy waiting for us, and Captain Sellinger, quite sober, with Corporal Bates, in attendance.

"By your leave, Sir," said the Captain, taking off his hat, "I will escort the ladies home."

"If you please, Sir," Sir George seemed to know the Captain. He stooped and kissed my hand once more. "I shall never forget this evening," he whispered. "Never, so long as I live." So we landed, and the barge pushed off again and went down the river.

I was also greatly surprised to see on the stairs Dr. Mynsterchamber and two or three gentlemen with him whom I knew not. They whispered to each other: they looked at the barge and at Captain Sellinger. When the barge pushed off they walked away.

The Captain walked home with us, the Corporal marching behind.

"You know Sir George Le Breton, then?" I asked. "Have you known him long?"

"Sir George Le Breton? Oh! yes—yes!" he replied, with a little confusion. "Oh, yes—I know—Sir George—Sir George Le Breton."

"Do you know him intimately?"

"No, certainly not. I have not that honour. But of course—I know him. Not so well as you know him, Miss Nancy."

If I blushed the night concealed that sign of guilt.

"We find him and his brother most agreeable company, Captain Sellinger."

"It is quite certain that they find most agreeable company in St. James's Place."

"They are young gentlemen of many virtues, Captain Sellinger."

"So I have understood—especially Sir George. He has all the virtues there are. It is his inheritance. His father had all the virtues before him; so has his grandfather. All the virtues reside permanently in the family."

"I know not what you mean, Captain Sellinger. But they do not get tipsy in the evening."

"Which is best, child: to repent in the morning with a headache, or to be sorry in the morning for an evening thrown away?"

By this time we were arrived at our own door. "And now," said the Captain, "that I have left you in safety at the door, I will go to the Cocoa-Tree and drink. There is still time. Good-night, ladies. It is indeed a most wonderful thing."

What was most wonderful?

"We must talk a little, Nancy," said Isabel, sitting down.

"What shall we talk about?"

"Let me look in thy face, Nancy. Oh! she says 'What shall we talk about?' We will talk about St. Paul's Cathedral, my dear, if you wish; or about Dartford Paper Mills; or about your brother Joseph of pious memory; or, indeed, about everything except what you want to talk about."

"Cousin, what do you mean?"

"Oh! you know very well. The cabin was dark, but not so dark but I could see one head bending over another. The oars made a splashing and the water lapped against the side of the boat, yet I heard a whisper on the other side of the cabin. Nancy, why was that head bent down? What did that whisper mean?"

"Oh! Cousin—I threw my arms round her—"I am the happiest, most joyful woman in the whole world! He loves me!" Then I broke from her and ran into my own room, because I must needs be alone to sit and think.

In the morning she asked me no more questions, being always so kind and so thoughtful about me; and after breakfast I went out to walk by myself in the Green Park to think over the thing which had befallen me.

When I came back I was waylaid by the Doctor, who came out of his room to meet me.

"I hope, Miss Nancy," he said, bowing profoundly, "that you enjoyed your voyage on the river last night. I saw the boat landing you at Whitehall Stairs. With a cavalier the river may be delightful. Without, it may provoke a sore throat. Miss Nancy, I beg once more to offer for your acceptance one of the miniatures"—he drew it out of his pocket—"which I showed you once before. It is a truly beautiful piece of work—see! it is set with pearls. Believe me, it is worthy even of your acceptance."

I took it in my hands. Yes: it presented a most lovely



THE CRETAN CRISIS: MAP SHOWING THE RELATIVE DISTANCES BETWEEN CRETE AND ATHENS AND CRETE AND ASIATIC TURKEY.

See "Our Illustrations."

face with a strange sadness in the eyes: a face having blue eyes and light hair—like my own.

"'Tis none other than the portrait of Mademoiselle la Vallière, first mistress of Louis Quatorze: once as good and beautiful as yourself. She was dazzled by the passion of the young Prince. She was the first love of Louis. They say he never truly loved any other woman. Take it, Miss Nancy. Take it—keep it. See—there is a touch—turn it to the light—just a touch of yourself, Miss Nancy—it may be my imagination—in those eyes. Keep it. She was a Prince's first and only love."

I had no suspicion why he forced this gift upon me: not the least suspicion. But now I know. Well, I took it: I have it still: when I take it out in these latter days, when the past is so far off and I so changed and the whole history dim except to me, I see that the Doctor was right. There is in the eyes a touch—a touch of sadness—a touch of myself. And I am glad that I never showed this miniature to my lover. Henceforth I can call him my lover.

(To be continued.)

Messrs. Longmans, who are now among the leading theological publishers, are to issue a series of volumes by various well-known authors dealing with matters of practical theology.

A leading characteristic of the Victorian Era Exhibition at Earl's Court will be the rigid exclusion of all exhibits belonging to industries which are not in the strictest sense of the term British. This decision on the part of the committee is certainly to be applauded, for it will add to the historical value of the display, making it more accurate as an object lesson in the industrial development of her Majesty's long reign. The organising committee is now hard at work, under the chairmanship of Sir Stafford Northcote, arranging the details of the industrial portion of the Exhibition.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

Lord Lister lately referred to the Bombay plague, and to the probability of this fatal malady being successfully treated by the serum (or antitoxin) treatment, which has accomplished such wonders in the saving of life from the attack of diphtheria. In my last week's article I quoted Lord Lister's remarks on the possible mode of infection by the plague. Since the publication of these remarks, I note that M. Yersin, who is experimenting with the antitoxin, has given an account of his successes in combatting the ravages of this fatal malady. It seems that when the serum (prepared on the same lines as those on which the diphtheria antitoxin is made) is injected into the patient's body on the first day of the disease, recovery is most rapid. The cure is less rapid when the treatment is delayed till the second day, and so on to the fifth day, when more serum is required to combat the progress of the ailment. Yet out of four patients treated by M. Yersin at this advanced stage of the ailment, when other modes of treatment are practically hopeless, two recovered. By the time these notes appear in print, Bombay will be enjoying the advantages of M. Yersin's serum treatment. We may rejoice to know that once again science of a practical nature has proved itself equal to the demands made upon it.

From time to time the problem of photographing in colours has taxed the energies and investigating powers of practical operators and chemists. Most of my readers will have read accounts of a demonstration given by a French investigator, M. Chassagne, in the laboratory of King's College, London, before several experts (including Professor Thomson and Captain Abney), in the course of which it was shown that photographs could be taken of objects with their natural colours capable of perfect reproduction. The exact rationale of the process is held as a secret for the present, but it would appear that the negative is taken on a gelatine film which has been subjected to the action of certain solutions, the nature of these at present unknown solutions constituting the inventor's special claim and title to the new discovery. The negative obtained on the prepared gelatine plate is afterwards treated by immersion in coloured solutions of blue, red, and green hues, and some special reaction is thereby exerted whereby each part of the negative selects its own colour and reproduces the hues and tints of the original objects photographed. It is to be hoped that further demonstrations will show the stability of the tones thus produced, and that the future of photography will include the production of permanent representations of the tints and hues which charm us in the external world, but which, as things are, are lost to us in the most perfect specimens of the photographic art of to-day.

My readers may recollect that last autumn I described a visit I had paid to Davos Platz, where I took part in the usual series of lectures arranged for the benefit of the English residents and tourists by Dr. Lunn. I observe that of late several descriptions of the winter season at Davos and also at St. Moritz have been contributed to the newspapers by residents at these resorts. The delights of a winter in the Alps appear to be of singularly varied nature, and include all manner of ice-tournaments and galas. M. Pestalozzi, of the Hôtel Victoria, has forwarded to me a remembrance of my visit to Davos in the shape of a beautiful photograph of the hotel luncheon on the ice. I saw and admired the Davos Valley in summer, as it lay green and glorious under the touch of the sun; but the view of the snow-covered hills, all majestic in their silent whiteness, exceeds in beauty, I think, the summer prospect, more familiar to the ordinary tourist.

That there is more in the X rays than at first sight appears is evinced by the accounts we are receiving of certain peculiar effects these rays exert on the human skin. In one case a patient lost his hair after exposure to the influence of the Röntgen rays, and now we hear of cases in which skin-inflammation has been produced by them. The symptoms described by a medical man who had subjected himself for scientific purposes to the new photography were of fairly severe character. These incidents appear to prove that the rays are of singularly powerful nature, and that some useful application or other of the at present undesirable effects may not be at all an unlikely discovery. It would indeed prove interesting if, in addition to their diagnostic powers, a curative action of the rays was noted.

A correspondent, to whom I am indebted for many interesting hints, writes to suggest that "as a matter of public education it is most desirable people should be taught that 'natural selection,' as defined by Darwin and Wallace, is not a necessary phase of evolution." While every naturalist will agree with my correspondent, it is difficult to see how such teaching can be more widely disseminated than is at present the case. Mr. Clodd's new book will aid the understanding of what evolution is and means, just as other writers are teaching that "evolution," like the law of gravitation, is an all-inclusive term denoting a universally operative principle, while "natural selection" is simply a single mode of interpreting the working of the principle. The late Professor Huxley made this clear when he spoke at the British Association Oxford meeting, and, so far as I know, this teaching is abundantly given in all evolutionary works, save, perhaps, those specially destined to support the natural selection theory.

T H E C R E T A N C R I S I S .



INSURGENTS LIGHTING A SIGNAL IN THE MOUNTAINS.

T H E C R E T A N C R I S I S .



FORT PALEOCASTRO, SUDA BAY, CRETE.



THE BRITISH, AUSTRIAN, AND TURKISH SQUADRONS IN SUDA BAY.



DOGS BELONGING TO THE PRINCE OF WALES, EXHIBITED AT CRUFT'S DOG-SHOW AT THE AGRICULTURAL HALL.



THE INDIAN FAMINE: THE DAILY DISTRIBUTION OF PROVISIONS AT THE POOR-HOUSE, SHOLAPUR.

By R. Caton Woodville, R.I.

LITERATURE.

MR. GOSSE'S "SEVENTEENTH CENTURY STUDIES."

So many years have elapsed since the first appearance of Mr. Edmund Gosse's "*Seventeenth Century Studies*," a Contribution to the History of English Poetry, that the third edition of it, now issued by Mr. Heinemann, will be welcomed by a new generation of readers as it was by their elders. It is one of the earliest of his books, but it displayed in ripe maturity all the qualities which have placed the biographer of Gray in the front rank of the historians and critics of English literature. Mr. Gosse unites in a singular degree the biographical with the critical faculty. As a biographer no one can be more diligent and accurate in his collection and presentation of facts, no one more discerning in his estimate of a character and description of a career. As a critic his insight is displayed not only in his intense appreciation of the chief ornaments of our literature, but in his vigorous and subtle apprehension of isolated felicities of thought and expression, which he has the happy knack of detecting in masses of commonplace and tedious prose and verse. Akin to this is his rare gift of discovering the interesting and the suggestive in the obscure, neglected, and even forgotten writer, and of pointing out the little-suspected value of some of them as contributing to the development of our literature. Mr. Gosse's wide range of sympathy, one of his most admirable characteristics, is strikingly illustrated in his essays on Herrick and Crashaw, which for chronological reasons are in curious juxtaposition. In that on Herrick Mr. Gosse literally luxuriates in describing the joyous idiosyncrasy and life mirrored in the "*Hesperides*" of the pleasure-loving and semi-pagan cleric. But then comes an estimate, deeply appreciative, of the rapt devotional and mystical verse of Crashaw, who became a convert to Catholicism. Crashaw's character and career are surmised by Mr. Gosse—who, when writing of him, was in communication with Mr. Shorthouse—to have inspired what he calls the "noble romance of 'John Inglesant.'" Nor is it literature only that is illustrated by Mr. Gosse's researches in out-of-the-way nooks and corners explored only by bibliographers. One of the rarest books issued from the press during the reign of Charles I. was the "*Annalie Dubrensis*," or, "*Celebration of Captain Robert Dover's Costwold Games*," to which Ben Jonson and Michael Drayton contributed. Mr. Gosse has made this volume the text for a most picturesque and agreeable account of the annual sports which Captain Dover organised, and which for many years were held on the Cotswolds. Space forbids mention of most of the other contents of Mr. Gosse's delightful volume, which closes with a deeply interesting critical biography of the author of "*Venice Preserved*." The ill-fated Otway not only wrote tragedies; his career itself was a tragedy. Mr. Gosse has shown, pathetically and sympathetically, that, as in the tragedies of the stage, a woman played a leading part in the tragedy of Otway's life.

NOTES ON BOOKS.

Mr. Walter B. Harris's narrative of his journey from the headquarters of the petroleum trade to the famous city of Harun-er-Rashid—*From Batum to Bagdad, via Tiflis and Persian Kurdistan* (Blackwood and Sons)—touches human and historic interests on many sides. Asia Minor is but just revealing what wealth of material for our knowledge of the past lies buried in inscriptions and epitaphs in her soil, and the region that stretches eastward to the Caspian Sea has much to tell of strange faiths and stranger folk who, untamed by Roman, Greek, Persian, and Osmanli Turk, represent the arrest of man at the wild and wandering stage. Hence, one of the most interesting chapters in this agreeably written book is that which describes life in Persian Kurdistan, in whose inhabitants some authorities see descendants of Medes, or Parthians, or Kurds of Hittite times, but whom all agree are "the Carduchi of Xenophon," the harassers and tormentors of the retreating Ten Thousand on their route from the Tigris to Trapezus, the modern Trebizond. Hemmed in between "the devil" of Turkish and "the deep sea" of Persian oppression, their hand is against every man's, plunder being often as much prompted by religious hate as by love of gain, for they are Sunnis, or orthodox Mohammedans, whereas Persians and Turks are Sheiyas, and detested accordingly by the Kurds. The story of religious controversies, and of persecutions following thereon, enters somewhat prominently into Mr. Harris's narrative. For we find ourselves not only instructed in the sectaries of Islam, but in the mixture of that faith and Judaism in the occult doctrines of the Ali Illahis, and in the tenets both of Armenians and Nestorians. This is, in other words, to say that little escapes the writer's eye as he passes from one frontier to another, taking in that complexity of life to which the "home-keeping" youth is stranger. Perhaps, when we no longer breathe with Mr. Harris the open air of the steppes, or moralise on the misrule of Shah and Sultan, the pleasantest part of the genial companionship is wandering through the bazaars of Bagdad—miles of covered arcades, miles of arches and domes—or along her narrow streets, perchance hoping for the heart-killing glance of bright eyes behind

lattice windows. There we leave behind us the nomads in whose unchanged lives the patriarchal age stands before us, and follow in fancy the disguised and merry Caliph as he threads his way among the unsuspecting crowd of mollahs, sheikhs, blind beggars, and silk-clad traders.

Kafiristan, or Infidel-land, is about the only region that has not as yet been explored. The people have resisted not only explorers, but invaders of all kinds; the Mohammedans failed to conquer them, and hence the name of "Kafirs." It is even doubtful if the Buddhists penetrated the country; they were long supposed to have been a colony left there by Alexander the Great, but the latest ideas are that they are a primitive people, and that their religious and political systems may perhaps be older than Brahmanism. At last an inroad has been made into this forbidden territory, and to Sir George Scott Robertson, the hero of Chitral, the honour is due for its accomplishment. In his book, *The Kafirs of the Hindu-Kush* (Lawrence and Bullen), a most interesting account of his venturesome explorations will be found, as well as a large amount of valuable information about the country and its inhabitants.

Miss Gingold's *Half-a-Dozen Transgressions* (Iliffe and Son) are well written but somewhat crude. Perhaps the

A LITERARY LETTER

The well-known riding and coaching journal, the *Road*, displays unexpected literary zeal in its current issue. There are four interesting columns devoted to an article upon "Jules Verne and Max Pemberton: Who is the Plagiarist?" The writer points out that M. Jules Verne in his new story, "*Face au Drapeau*," has taken nearly the whole of Mr. Max Pemberton's "*Impregnable City*," a novel issued by the English writer some two years ago. It is a curious irony of circumstance that M. Verne, who is the father of most of our modern writers of adventure stories, should come in his latter days to copious borrowings from an English author who cannot but in his boyhood have been materially influenced by M. Jules Verne's writings. But when we see the pace at which English writers adapt French plays for our stage, and the way that English theatrical managers apply the term "author" to the adaptor, the less said about the matter the better.

One would like to know whether that ill-written, and, in some points, singularly nasty book, "*Four Generations of a Literary Family*," has really been withdrawn from circulation. There are rumours of an impending libel action, but it would seem to be a case for a criminal prosecution, judging by one exceedingly filthy story in the book.

The stories contained in the volume by Mr. Stephen Crane entitled "*The Little Regiment*" were all of them published in serial form, and all but two of them appeared in the *Sketch* and the *English Illustrated Magazine*. Some were issued long prior to the appearance of "*The Red Badge of Courage*."

Although the American *Bookman* borrowed its title and still obtains some portion of its material from its English prototype, it has a very anti-English bias. A correspondent of the *Chap Book* takes occasion to demur to its suggestion that English people have no knowledge of and no recognition of the War of 1812. "At last," says the *Bookman*, referring to a new work on the subject of that war, "great light is going to shine into the dark places of the British mind." The *Chap Book* correspondent quotes from Mr. Green's "*Short History of the English People*" the very fair account of the war, which has been read in those picturesque pages by thousands of British schoolboys. It might have been added that there has been more than one article dealing with the War of 1812 in the pages of English magazines, and that in this country there is not the slightest attempt to minimise the inherent justice of the American position in the two struggles with Great Britain.

Mr. Richard Le Gallienne was married on Feb. 12 to Miss Julie Norregard, a young Danish lady, well known in literary London. Mr. Le Gallienne left Liverpool nine years ago to start a literary career in London. His success has been phenomenal—a success due not merely to certain picturesque qualities of style, but to his singularly charming personality. His "*Book-Bills of Narcissus*," "*The Religion of a Literary Man*," and "*Prose Fancies*" have commanded a wide circle of readers. To these he has now added—and it was published by John Lane on the day of his marriage—a volume entitled, "*The Quest of the Golden Girl*," which is certain to give rise to much controversy. In my judgment there is more of genius in the book than in anything else that Mr. Le Gallienne has written; but there are also errors of taste which will do much to make the book talked about unfavourably. Probably the popular verdict will be that half the book is golden and the other half—girl. In any case, troops of friends will wish Mr. Le Gallienne abundant happiness in his new life.

The book of the year so far is Mr. John Murray's "*Gibbon*." Gibbon's Letters and Gibbon's Memoirs are very delightful in their new form. Much, no doubt, that is contained in the five volumes of Gibbon's "*Miscellaneous Works*" of 1814 is not worth reprinting, but one prays for yet another volume under Mr. Prothero's editorship, and that the same capable scholar will also edit Gibbon's "*Decline and Fall*."

That delightful volume, "*The Girlhood of Maria Josepha Holroyd*," has done much to pave the way for the new edition of Gibbon's Autobiography, of which Miss Holroyd (afterwards Lady Stanley of Alderley) may be said to have been the actual author. A curious turn was given to the appearance of the two books by a reviewer in the *Speaker*, who argued with a certain plausibility that these bright pages of "*Maria Holroyd*" must be romance—the letters were so much more vivacious than those in Mr. Prothero's collection. But in the next issue of the *Speaker* the unhappy reviewer wrote to explain that it was all a jest.

The *Athenæum* has materially brightened up its "Literary Gossip" columns of late, in view, probably, of the unusual vivacity of the *Academy* under its new editor. The *Academy* has commenced an article of personal gossip signed "The Onlooker." C. K. S.



Photo Russell, Baker Street.

WRITERS OF THE DAY: NO. XXIII.—MR. EDMUND GOSSE.

Mr. Edmund Gosse, whose reissued volume of "*Seventeenth Century Studies*" is noticed in another column, is a son of the late Mr. Philip Henry Gosse, the naturalist. Born in 1849, he became, at two and twenty, assistant librarian at the British Museum, but after some years vacated that post to become Translator to the Board of Trade. He made his literary debut in 1870 with a volume of "*Madrigals, Songs, and Sonnets*," to which Mr. W. A. Blaikie also contributed. Three years later he published "*On Viol and Flute*," and since then "*King Erik*," "*New Poems*," "*Firdausi in Exile*," and "*In Russet and Silver*," have marked him out as a writer of more than ordinary poetical endowment. He is known as a critic and essayist by his "*Northern Studies*," "*From Shakespeare to Pope*," "*Gossip in a Library*," and "*Jacobean Poets*," and by the editorial services which he has rendered to many authors, past and present. His prose work also includes a delicate romance, "*The Secret of Narcisse*." Mr. Gosse was for some years Clark Lecturer in English Literature at Trinity College, Cambridge, and has given the Lowell Lectures in America.

best of the stories is the first, "*Handsome Alexis*," but even this is spoiled by the improbability—the impossibility—of its cardinal incident. Handsome Alexis is sent to Siberia on the charge of attempting the murder of a girl whose own evidence—which would have conclusively exonerated him—is not taken at the trial. And yet the Czar, whose life Alexis had saved, was more anxious than the accused himself for his acquittal. Handsome Alexis' final exculpation is only less improbable than the injustice of his conviction. A priest reveals in the delirium of fever the confession of the real criminal, and the Head of the Police takes down these ravings as evidence of more importance for the exculpation of Alexis than that of the victim of the outrage.

The new volume of the *Dictionary of National Biography* (it is the forty-ninth) is devoted to the names from Robinson to Russell. Dr. Garnett, who writes of Samuel Rogers, has also dealt with the Rossetti group. Mr. Fraser Rae treats of Lord John Russell, whose curious son, Lord Amberley, is dismissed very briefly. Scientific interest centres on Romanes and the Greenland explorer, Ross. The troubles of South Africa lend a topical interest to the life of Hercules Robinson, the father of Lord Rosmead.

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

A week hence, several hundred, not to say a couple of thousand, Londoners will probably be preparing to camp out during the night of Friday-Saturday (Feb. 26-27), or, at any rate, to be astir before dawn in order to besiege the pit and gallery entrances of the Lyceum Theatre. These early birds are the robust and, perhaps, not over well-to-do "first-nighters," to whom a production by Sir Henry Irving is an event. The additional fact that the forthcoming play is from the pen of M. Victorien Sardou will unquestionably make those enthusiasts more eager, and I for one would not like to damp their ardour.

They are intelligent enough, those "first-nighters," but, after all, they are not bound to be familiar with the bridle-paths and footways of French history. If they are at home on the highroads of it, it is as much as one can reasonably expect. Of course, the management of the Lyceum, which is very liberal to all its patrons and under all circumstances, will provide a clear synopsis of the play, and the playgoers themselves will conclude that, due allowance being made for the playwright's art, there is some foundation for the story which is being unfolded to them.

to the full as amusing as the wife of the Duc de Dantzic at the Tuileries. The outspoken, free-and-easy Maréchale set Josephine and her dames d'honneur in a perpetual roar, unless she annoyed the latter by calling them names which I cannot even write down here.

Influence, however, she had none, not even with Josephine, who had grown old with the Revolution, the Directory, and the Consulate, and who had a kind of good-natured contempt for the parvenus and parvenues of that wonderful era. Marie Louise was altogether different. It is a moot point whether she ever felt thoroughly at home at the, to her, mushroom Court of her husband. But though disliking her entourage, there is not a particle of evidence that she was ever unfaithful to her spouse either in act or thought until the crash came. And if unfaithful, it was certainly not with Neipperg, upon whom—and I have gone carefully into the matter—she never set eyes until then. The stories which amused Napoleon's first wife and Napoleon himself would have been distasteful to the second spouse, for Catherine Lefebvre did not put a curb upon her tongue.

She had an uncomfortable knack of reminding people of things which had better be left unsaid. Talleyrand gave her as wide a berth as possible, especially since

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

Several well-known clergymen have been giving their opinion about extempore preaching. Canon Scott-Holland, premising that he is "a shocking bad hand at the art of preaching," says that every clergyman is bound to learn to preach without book, but that he must write. Otherwise his sermons will "dwindle into helpless drivel." He thinks that the very best sermons he has ever heard have been written, and recalls a saying of Dr. Liddon that in a big place where the sermon must be a sustained and irrevocable shout the manuscript sets a man free to fling his whole force into the effort of making the thing reach and tell upon his hearers.

Father Stanton writes strongly in favour of extempore preaching. He says that with written discourses accuracy of expression is gained, but personality is lost, and the sympathetic movement between preacher and hearers which is always present in a powerful sermon is jeopardised, if not almost impossible.

Fewer deacons and priests of the Church of England were ordained last year than in any corresponding twelve months since 1876.

A paragraph is going the rounds in which it is stated that a Mr. Payne, of Milverton, predicted that Dr. Temple,



VIEW FROM VERDON'S BRIDGE.



THE ROBIN HOOD.



NEAR HORSE-SHOE POINT.



SPRING LANE.

FLOODS IN THE LEA VALLEY: SCENES IN THE CLAPTON DISTRICT.

From Photographs by Mr. J. F. Bennet, Upper Clapton.

Nothing could be further from the truth. The story is a piece of absolute fiction on M. Sardou's part, and was written for the purpose of giving a very clever actress, Mlle. Réjane, who "created" the rôle of Madame Sans-Gêne, an excellent opportunity. As a witty French journalist put it, "The stage represents Mlle. Réjane." The rest of the *drumatis personæ*, even Napoleon, are subsidiary personages. There is every likelihood that Miss Ellen Terry will give quite as good an account of it, and the playgoer will return home reflecting, maybe, that this ogre of a Napoleon was not so bad as he has been painted, but that in any case this Catherine Lefebvre was a most wonderful woman to have dared to defy him in a most critical moment.

Now, the fact is that Catherine Lefebvre, Duchesse de Dantzic, would no more have dared to defy Napoleon than any other woman among his surroundings. Had she been the semi-elegant, good-looking creature M. Sardou has represented her to be, the Emperor might have listened to her for a couple of moments; for women, if slightly and well dressed, had a certain, albeit short-lived, influence over him. As a matter of fact, Catherine Lefebvre was neither handsome nor elegant; to describe her in one word, she was a French counterpart of the first Duchess of Albemarle. Both sprang from the same class—the people, and the wife of Monk at the Court of Charles II. must have been

she had reminded him before a room full of people that like herself he had been a "Jack of all trades" and had, moreover, given an imitation of how he was limping and holding on to the Emperor's imperial mantle on the day of the coronation. At that mimic séance Napoleon himself was not spared. She gave a representation of Caesar trotting behind majestic and stately Josephine, as fast as his short legs would permit, to keep up with her. Napoleon was amused at the beginning; he would not have liked a second exhibition before Marie Louise.

FLOODS IN THE LEA VALLEY.

The Lea Valley has not for many a year suffered so severely from floods as it has during the disastrous inundations which have recently been prevalent in many parts of the country. Thousands of acres were under water in this district, while the floods were at their highest ten days ago, and the damage done to crops and garden produce is incalculable. By an irony of fortune the new reservoirs of the East London Waterworks, now being constructed on the marsh land of Walthamstow, sustained considerable injury from inundation, the water rising to a height of more than four feet over the works. The outlook has now, fortunately, improved, from the general subsidence of water in the submerged districts.

when Bishop of Exeter, would become Archbishop of Canterbury. I may point out that when the clamour about Dr. Temple's appointment to Exeter was going on, the *Spectator* made the same prophecy.

Much sympathy is felt with Mr. R. A. Hutton, of the *Spectator*, in the death of his accomplished and brilliant wife. She had been a very severe sufferer for years. Mrs. Hutton was the second wife of her husband. His first wife, if I am not mistaken, died of yellow fever in the West Indies.

Mr. Augustine Birrell says of John Wesley that he paid more turnpike-gates than any man that ever lived. Eight thousand miles a year, year after year, such was his quantum of horseback.

Sheffield is very much opposed to having a Bishop, but it is thought that if a South Yorkshire diocese be determined on in view of the rival claims of Doncaster, Sheffield may be glad to recede from the position of hostility which the leading laity appear to be taking up.

Mr. Gladstone is very angry with the Pope for denying the validity of Anglican orders, and is to publish a book on the subject. He says, "I leave to properly qualified persons the examination and exposure of his feeble arguments, but I offer a few comments upon the strange want of forethought, courage, and prudence which, while doubtless acting with good intention, he has exhibited." V.



FALCON ON THE WATCH.

By Archibald Thorburn.

LADY HAMILTON (Mrs. Patrick Campbell) and NELSON (Mr. Forbes-Robertson),
avow their love.

ROMNEY (Mr. Ben Greet) fights SIR JOHN TREVOR (Mr. Sydney Brough)
in GREVILLE'S HOUSE (Mr. Arthur Elwood).



Ball given by SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON (Mr. Nutcombe Gould), at which the KING OF NAPLES (Mr. C. Goodhart) makes NELSON Duke of Bronté.

"NELSON'S ENCHANTRESS," AT THE AVENUE THEATRE.

LADIES' PAGE.

DRESS.

The Drawing-Room, and still the Drawing-Room; this is all we talk about in the world of dress, and some of the most gorgeous gowns have been prepared, and on nearly all of these is the sequin ubiquitous. Amongst the attractive styles of treating this is permitting it to trail its glittering influence over a skirt and bodice, made half of velvet and half of silk, a line of embroidery in a



DRESS WORN BY MISS PALFREY AT THE STRAND THEATRE.

measure concealing the join. I have just seen a dress in pale turquoise blue with a swathed bodice half of velvet and half of silk, traced with silver and steel sequins; the skirt was of silk to the hips and velvet to the hem, showing the same trimming, while the train was of white satin lined with turquoise satin, and just at one side of the bodice was a large bunch of *la France* roses. Another beautiful gown for the Drawing-Room I have come across made with a robed front formed of tucks of chiffon and fine Brussels lace, mounted on white glacé silk veiled with chiffon, and the train was of white brocade on a *moiré* ground, the satin flower being traced round with silver paillettes and small diamonds, while the lining of this train was of pale rose-pink. Although we hear much of the popularity of silk gauze, and are told by the authorities that it is to oust chiffon from our favour, yet the latter holds its position firmly in our affections, and the most beautiful of the evening dresses are certainly those entirely made of chiffon, the latest idea being to pleat this from waist to hem and trim it at intervals round with little gathered frills of the chiffon. Indeed, the flounced skirt is upon us, and the most novel gowns all show skirts trimmed in some style or the other. Those of the fine muslin or lisse for evening wear will bear the flounces or insertions of lace set transparently, dipping towards the front and placed rather high at the back. A very charming dress in this style is being worn at the Strand Theatre; it is of white silk muslin, mounted over pale pink, with insertions of lace in the skirt and a deep kilted flounce of the muslin on the hem. The bodice has an attractive collar bordered with the lace again, and round the waist are a few folds of ribbon and a bunch of roses tucked into the front. Amongst the other delightful gowns worn at the Strand are those two sketched on this page. The one which is graced by Miss Palfrey is of white satin, with bodice and skirt very handsomely embroidered with the indispensable silver sequin; the sleeves are of transparent lisse, rucked to the wrist, a lace collar falling over frills of the lisse decking the décolletage, which is adorned at one side with a camellia.

Miss Gerard exploits the charms of that other dress, which is made of pale pink *crêpe de chine*, the bodice and skirt being elaborately decked with embroidery in coral and steel. A little frill of plissé chiffon decorates this from shoulder to hem, and the sleeves are made of transparent lace. All the gowns emanated from the *Maison Jay*—a fact which the expert could well discover for herself. *Crêpe de chine* is to be the material for the summer frocks, and most delightful this looks in the palest shade of grey, traced with silver sequins on the bodice and skirt, with a deep belt of cerise and pale pink silk folded tightly round the waist. Another lovely colour in *crêpe de chine* takes the palest biscuit tone; and this, trimmed with ivory guipure and a belt of turquoise, is a joy to the eye. These two colours, pavement grey and biscuit, are also being adopted over in

Paris for walking costumes, when they appear in cloth, and show elaborate braidings on bodice and skirt. They are invariably supplied with waistcoats of white lisse covered with Irish or Maltese lace, and they are crowned with hats made of chiffon elaborately drawn and tucked, and trimmed at one side with a large bunch of flowers. I write "they are," but I mean "they are to be"—these being the costumes for the spring days which are to be our immediate joy. However, such light shades of colour cannot be calculated upon to do serious service in London; for this, I expect, we shall have to revert to our ever-popular dark blue, varying its monotony with black-and-white shepherd's plaid.

The short sac coats to the waist continue to have a vogue over the water, though they have not yet succeeded in establishing any solid position here, but I doubt not that in the springtime we shall begin to recognise their advantages.

The latest variety in millinery is made of transparent canvas, looking really more like the common buckram shape than anything else I can call to mind; but it is dyed various colours, cerise and pale turquoise blue being the favourite shades; it is made in small and large sailor shape, and it is most successfully trimmed with chiffon scarves and wings and just a bunch of flowers beneath the brim at the back. Just off to Monte Carlo was a hat of this description that I found this week, made in a bright geranium hue in a very small sailor shape; it was trimmed with a scarf of red tulle, two monster scarlet wings on either side, and a half wreath of poppies at the back; it was destined to complete a white cloth coat and skirt, the skirt being trimmed from the hem to the knees with lines of braiding, while the short Eton jacket was supplied across the front with straps of braid falling with loops à la militaire in the centre. The revers were plain, faced with the cloth and bordered with the braid, and the shirt-front was of white glacé set into little tucks, with the centre box-pleat bordered on either side by an infinitesimally kilted frill. But except for the South such a dress would, of course, be of no use—we cannot, alas! think of wearing white cloth in February in town, unless to grace a wedding; which reminds me of a dress specially prepared for a wedding which I met lately, made in white cloth bordered with ermine, with the pouched bodice elaborately traced with a design in white crewel and silver threads. The toque was of sable bordered with ermine, and trimmed with a large black paradise plume, fastened with a small bunch of scarlet geraniums, and the costume was made complete by one of the sable capes lined with white satin, with the edge trimmed with a thickly quilled ruche of inch-wide satin ribbon. Of course, the sable cape was tied round the neck with an old lace scarf, this being an indispensable adjunct to such garments to-day.

"Edith" might well use that brocade for the skirt and sleeves, with a dark blue velvet bolero showing a shirt-front of pale grey tucked chiffon. The effect would be quite a success. PAULINA PRY.

NOTES.

H.R.H. the Princess of Wales is showing the public at King's Lynn, in an industrial exhibition (which, like everything just now, is held "in honour of the Queen's long reign"), not only the results achieved by the pupils at the Sandringham technical school that H.R.H. supports, but also some of the work of her own hands. The Princess produces excellent effects in more than one art and craft; she has herself taken lessons in leather-work, wood-carving, and spinning by hand in the Alexandra Technical School that she has established for the villagers of the royal estate. The Princess sometimes wears dresses made from wool spun by herself, and grown on the backs of the Prince's flock of Southdowns. A chair with a carved frame and a worked leather seat of the royal handiwork, and similar to one that obtained a prize at the Chicago World's Fair, is now being shown by the Princess at King's Lynn. Princess Victoria of Wales shows two small tables and a bookstand in "poker work" designed and executed by herself, and there is a similar exhibit from Princess Maud.

A very interesting idea has been adopted by the committee of the Women's Work Section of the Victorian Era Exhibition at Earl's Court. It is that not only shall women celebrated for their literary, artistic, or other work receive commemoration, but that portraits of the mothers of famous men and women shall find a place. A most desirable reform in social feeling at present is to give more importance and reward to the work of the women who elect to be wives and mothers. This is, and ever must be, the most important class of work that any, even the ablest, woman can undertake, and it would be deplorable if the wider sphere that is now open to clever young women were to lead any considerable proportion of them deliberately to prefer some other career than motherhood. Yet to be a successful mother and mistress of a house, and at the same time to pursue steadily and effectively any occupation bringing reputation or money, requires a very rare combination of faculties. The women who are able to do well and simultaneously the ordinary work of a wife and mother and the ordinary work of a man must always be the few specially gifted with organising faculty and unlimited energy and power of work. For nearly all women, to be good mothers taxes the whole capacity. To secure the best mothers for coming generations in competition with the many attractive spheres of work now open to women, therefore, it is eminently desirable that more real honour and credit shall be given to the women who do thoroughly well the work of the home. At present it is unpaid in money and generally too scantily paid in praise. People seem to talk as if healthy, well-mannered, right-minded children grew so of themselves, and the degree to which they are the result of the skilled mother's work is forgotten. The Victorian Era Exhibition of the portraits of successful mothers is a step in the right direction.

At the dinner of the Authors' Society the honour of replying to the toast of the evening, that of "The Incorporated Society of Authors" was assigned to Mrs. Flora Annie Steel, whose sudden success as a novelist of Indian life is the more remarkable that it has come after youth has passed, and yet with her first work. Sir John Lubbock, in proposing the toast and coupling the name of Mrs. Steel with it, remarked that the maintenance of British rule in India must depend largely on the cultivation of our knowledge of and sympathy with the natives, and that Mrs. Steel, "by arousing our interest in the country of which she had such an intimate knowledge, had done much towards promoting the permanence of British power in our great dependency." Mrs. Steel, in her reply, denied that there is any jealousy of sex to be encountered by women who write.

Another woman novelist who made a great success by her first book, Olive Schreiner, has recently arrived in London for the purpose of seeing a new novel through the press. It is full ten years ago since she published "The Story of an African Farm," and became famous in a day. Like Mrs. Steel, she had the advantage of an unfamiliar setting for her characters; but in Olive Schreiner's work there was an originality of thought, a courage of expression, and a moral earnestness that could not fail to make a deep impression. Her next book has now been so long expected with interest that it is a rather severe test. In the interval between the two publications, Olive Schreiner has married, and her husband (a prominent Cape politician), paid her the high compliment of his taking her name in place of the usual reverse practice.

A Nonconformist minister, the Rev. J. Chadburn, of Sutton, Surrey, has made the munificent offer to give the sum of £5000 to the New Hospital for Women, Euston Road, to maintain a cancer ward, if an equivalent sum can be otherwise raised, the endowment needed being £10,000. The committee have the sum of £4000 in hand for building a ward, but do not venture to proceed with it for fear of not being able to meet its current expenses, which the proposed endowment would supply. Cancer is a disease in which operation immediately the condition is discovered often means complete recovery—especially in the case of cancer of the breast, where the entire part affected can be thoroughly removed—but even a brief delay is fatal. It is, therefore, urgently necessary for opportunity to be open for the admission of such cases at once on their being seen. The surgeons at this hospital are women, and the statement that used to be made that women would not trust other women to operate on them, is contradicted by the beds not being merely constantly filled, but by many pressing cases having to be weekly refused for want of room.

Of making of soaps, even more than of books, there is truly "no end." The latest to be sent for my attention is called "Ovaline," and is stated to be "prepared with the



DRESS WORN BY MISS GERARD AT THE STRAND THEATRE.

yolk of egg." It comes backed up by the testimony of the *Lancet* to the effect that, "apart from the fact that the soap is of excellent quality, being free from excess of alkali and moisture, the presence of a definite proportion of fresh yolk of egg probably endows it with properties particularly agreeable and salutary to the skin." The makers assert that it is specially suited for washing the hair, a purpose for which we all know that a beaten-up egg is very beneficial when used fresh, and therefore presumably is so in "Ovaline." F. F. M.



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London, as was once intended. The change of intention on the part of the painter is due, we understand, to very simple and practical causes. London is a far better exhibition ground after Easter than before it. The light is better, the days are longer, and the public is more concentrated in the Metropolis. Meanwhile, the catalogue of the pictures which was proscribed in Paris has found its way to this country, and suggests that if M. Verestchagin is as forcible a painter as he is a writer, the French public must have felt the sting of his work.

The Luxembourg Museum, after having been closed for extensive alterations, has just been reopened, and the public will at length be able to form an opinion of the recent acquisitions. Of these the more important are the pictures composing the Caillebotte bequest—one of the largest, if not quite the largest, made by any individual to the French gallery. Most of them belong to the best period of modern French art, but the Director of the Luxembourg, or Fine Arts, is not exclusive, and finds space for pictures which only a year ago were exhibited at the Salon and the Champ de Mars.

In the notice of the pictures of the Society of Lady Artists, published on Feb. 6, Miss M. Grose was by inadvertence spoken of as Miss Grove.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Nov. 26, 1891) of Mr. Bertram Wodehouse Currie, of 67, Lombard Street; 1, Richmond Terrace, Whitehall; Combe Warren, Surrey; and Minley Manor, Hants, the surviving brother of Sir Philip Currie, who died on Dec. 29, was proved on Feb. 5 by Mrs. Caroline Louisa Currie, the widow, and Laurence Currie, the son, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £720,370. The testator gives all his shares and interest in Messrs. Glyn, Mills, Currie and Co., bankers, to his son, Laurence, upon trust, to pay £10,000 per annum to his widow, Mrs. Caroline Louisa Currie; to retain for himself £15,000 per annum; to put by part of the income thereof till a sum of £50,000 is reached and to pay the income thereof to his widow; and to hold the remainder of the income and the capital thereof for his own use and benefit. He also gives £10,000, such a sum as, with funds of her marriage settlement, will make up £50,000, his house at South Terrace, Littlehampton, with the furniture, etc., therein, and the use of any one of his residences to his wife, Mrs. Caroline Louisa Currie; £1000 to Alfred Spalding Harvey; £200 per annum to his cousin, Laura Sophia Wyndham; and an annuity to a nurse. The

residue of his property, both real and personal, he gives to his son, Laurence, absolutely.

The will (dated Feb. 3, 1896) of Mr. George Garden Nicoll, of 5, Cambridge Gate, Regent's Park, one of the directors of the London Joint Stock Bank, who died on Jan. 16, was proved on Feb. 5 by Mrs. Mary Emily Caroline Nicoll, the widow, Tyrrell Lewis, Somers Lewis, and Dr. William Henry Haden Haden, the executors. The net value of the property upon which estate duty has been paid amounts to £191,041, of which £118,934 is personal estate. The testator gives the Beacon Hill House estate, Whitmore Bottom, in the parish of Frensham, Surrey, all his plate, jewellery, linen, china, glass, books, pictures, wines, furniture, household effects, carriages, horses, and harness, and £50,000 to his wife; £10,500 each to his executors, Dr. Haden and Mr. T. Lewis; £3500 to his executor, Mr. S. Lewis; £500 to Mr. William Henderson, ex-Lord Provost of Aberdeen; and one year's wages to each of his servants who have been three years in his service at the time of his decease. He bequeaths £20,000, upon trust, to apply the income in providing annuities of the average amount of £50 each, but no one annuity to exceed £100, for ladies of the town and county of Aberdeen who, through misfortune and circumstances

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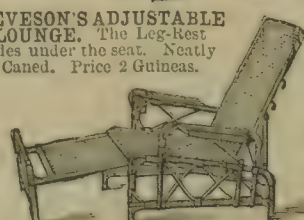
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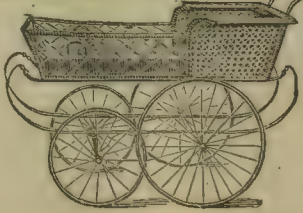


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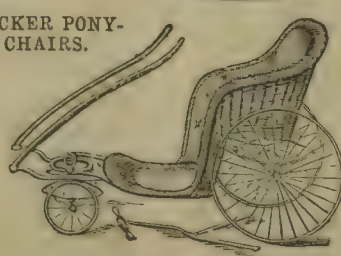
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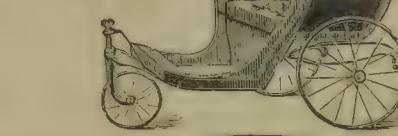
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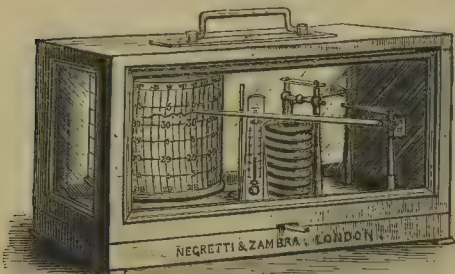
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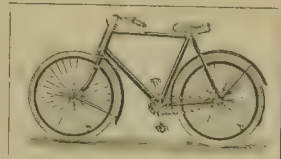
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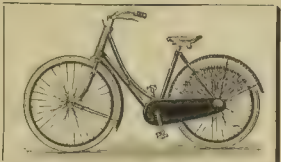
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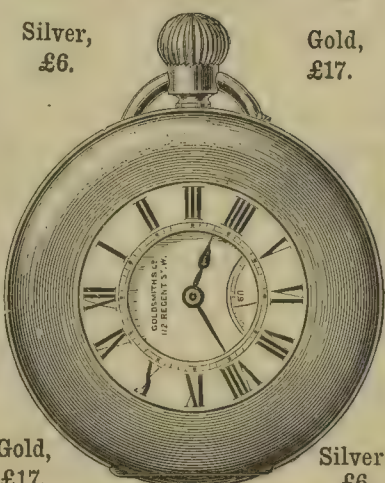
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FREE TO THE WHOLE MARITIME WORLD.
 SUPPORTED BY VOLUNTARY CONTRIBUTIONS.

The SEVENTY-SIXTH ANNUAL COURT OF GOVERNORS
 OF THIS CORPORATION will be held at the ROYAL NAVAL
 SERVICE INSTITUTION, WHITEHALL, S.W., on Thursday,
 Feb. 25, at 3 o'clock.

THE RIGHT HON. EARL SPENCER, K.G., P.C.,
 will Preside.

The Establishment of the Society consists of the "Dreadnought"
 Hospital, Greenwich (235 beds), the Albert Dock Hospital (18 beds),
 and two Dispensaries.

Over Nineteen Thousand Sick, Injured, and Shipwrecked Sailors
 were treated last year.

The attendance of Ladies and Gentlemen interested in this
 national charity is invited.

Office: Greenwich, Jan. 27, 1897. P. MITCHELL, Secretary.

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beyond their control, have been reduced from a position of affluence to one of comparative poverty. This trust is to be called "The Garden Nicoll Benevolent Fund" in memory of his mother. All the residue of his property, including his property in Singapore, and any property he may have a general power of appointment over, he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life. At her death he further bequeaths £20,000, upon trust, to provide bursaries in the University of Aberdeen, or exhibitions or scholarships in English Universities or in any way the trustees may deem most advisable for the carrying out of the objects he has in view—namely, giving Aberdeen students without means the opportunity of obtaining a high-class education. The ultimate residue is to be held upon trust to found two beds each in the three public hospitals of Aberdeen, two beds in Westminster Hospital, two in St. Thomas's Hospital, two in the Great Ormond Street Children's Hospital, two for cancer cases in Middlesex Hospital, two in King's College Hospital, one in St. George's Hospital, three in Guy's Hospital, three in University College Hospital, and two beds in the London Hospital.

The will (dated Jan. 26, 1894), with a codicil (dated June 2, 1896), of Mr. Alexander Devas Druce, of Upper Garton, Merstham, Surrey, and of Messrs. Druces and Atlee, solicitors, 10, Billiter Square, who died on Jan. 2, was proved on Feb. 9 by Mrs. Kate Druce, the widow, and John Alexander Druce, George Claridge Druce, and Hubert Arthur Druce, the sons, the executors, the value

of the personal estate amounting to £163,910. The testator bequeaths £2000, his household furniture and effects, and £10,000, upon trust, for his wife; £1000 to his son Hubert Arthur, if he is not a partner in Druces and Atlee; £2000 each to his sons Francis and Stephen; £100 per annum each to his daughters Mary Druce, Kate Druce, and Florence Brandt, during the life or widowhood of his wife; £250 to his partner Henry Atlee; £300 to his wife, upon trust, for distribution among his clerks, and £200 upon like trusts for his servants, and other legacies. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife for life or widowhood. At her decease or remarriage he devises certain tithe rent charges arising out of land at Hadlow, and his freehold premises at Sevenoaks, Battersea, and Fitcham, to his son John Alexander Druce, but charged with the payment of £5000 to his residuary estate, and the ultimate residue of his property he leaves between all his children in equal shares. Sums advanced to his sons and covenanted to be paid for his daughters are to be brought into hotchpot.


The will (dated May 17, 1895) with a codicil (dated June 25, 1895) of Mr. John James Mason, of Albion House, St. Peter's Square, Hammersmith, and of Herne Bay, one of the firm of Brand and Co., Stanhope Street, Mayfair, who died on Dec. 22, was proved on Feb. 6 by Mrs. Maria Mason, the widow, the Rev. William Eastwick Henry Cotes, and Mr. Joseph Whitehouse, three of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to

£151,811. The testator bequeaths £500 and an annuity of £700 to his son John Charles Mason; £500 and an annuity of £500, to be increased to £700 on his attaining thirty years of age or marrying, to his son James Sydney Mason, and he also gives to him £500 on his becoming twenty-four, and £500 on his marriage; £700 per annum to his daughter Mrs. Maria Ann Cotes during the life or widowhood of his wife; £400, and the use, rent free, of his residences at Hammersmith and Herne Bay, with the furniture and effects therein, to his wife; £150 each to his brothers, Henry Mason and George Mason; £200 to his brother Frederick Mason; £300 to his brother Frank Mason; £100 and annuities of £75 each to his sisters, Ann Guerin and Emma Barnes, and a few small legacies. The residue he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, but should she marry again she is to receive £300 per annum. At her decease or marriage the ultimate residue is to go to his children.

The Scotch confirmation, under seal of the Commissariat of the county of Edinburgh, of the disposition and settlement (dated March 7, 1894), with a codicil (dated Oct. 11, 1895), of Admiral of the Fleet Sir Alexander Milne, G.C.B., of Inveresk Gate, Musselburgh, N.B., who died on Dec. 29 last, granted to Captain Sir Archibald Berkeley Milne, the son, the executor nominate, was resealed in London on Feb. 9, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland being £100,103.

The will (dated June 9, 1888) of Mr. William Heather Medows, of Conholt Park, Wilts, the Villa des Prairies,

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES

 Cure Cough, Cold, Hoarseness, and Influenza; Cure any Irritation or Soreness of the Throat.

Relieve the Hacking Cough in Consumption; Relieve Bronchitis, Asthma, and Catarrh.

Clear and give Strength to the Voice of SINGERS, and are Indispensable to PUBLIC SPEAKERS.

Soothing and Simple, CHILDREN can use them, as they assist Expectoration and relieve Hoarseness.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES

PUBLIC SPEAKERS and SINGERS can use "BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES," or Cough and Voice Lozenges, as freely as requisite—containing **no Opium, nor anything that can Injure the System.** They are invaluable in allaying the hoarseness and irritation incident to vocal exertion, and also a powerful auxiliary in the production of melodious enunciation, **effectually clearing and strengthening the voice.**

"Messrs. John I. Brown and Sons, Boston.

"Gentlemen,—For sudden affections of the Bronchial Organs, I use, and most cheerfully recommend, 'Brown's Troches.' They are regarded as most eligible, convenient, and indispensable by numerous artists of my acquaintance, BOTH IN EUROPE AND AMERICA. They seem to act specially on the organs of the voice, and produce a clear enunciation.—Yours truly,

Ask for and obtain only "BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES," which, after forty-six years' experience, have proved their value, having received the sanction of Physicians generally, and testimonials from eminent men throughout the country.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND CHEMISTS AT 1s. 1½d. PER BOX.

ARE YOU FURNISHING?

Before Ordering it would be wise to see the

V.P. PATENT FOLDING BED-ROOM SUITE.

A Good Solid Bed, Wardrobe, Washstand, Dressing-Chest of Drawers, Chairs, &c.

Easily Packed in Case, and Moved with Ease. When up, no difference from other Furniture.

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V.P. FOLDING BED-ROOM SUITE & FURNITURE CO., LTD., 330, OLD STREET, LONDON, E.C. CATALOGUES FREE.

Torturing Disfiguring SKIN DISEASES

Instantly Relieved by

A WARM BATH with

Cuticura Soap

And a Single Application of

CUTICURA

The Great Skin Cure

Sold throughout the world, and especially by English and American chemists in all the principal cities. British depot: F. NEWBERRY & SONS, 1, King Edward-st., London. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Sole Props., Boston, U. S. A.

COVERINGS FOR PARTIAL OR COMPLETE BALDNESS.

Perfect imitations of Nature; weightless, no wiggy appearance. Instructions for Self-Measurement on application.

SPECIALISTS FOR WIGS for Ladies and Gentlemen Every Design in Ladies' Artificial Hair for Fashion and Convenience.

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G. BOND & SON,

TO THE CONTINENT.
Via QUEENBORO'-FLUSHING.
ROYAL DUTCH MAIL.
GREAT SAVING IN TIME. GREAT IMPROVEMENTS IN SERVICE.
The magnificent new, 21-KNOT PADDLE-STEAMERS, built by the Fairfield Co., of Glasgow, are now running in this Service.
Most Perfect Route to Northern and Southern Germany.
BERLIN—LONDON in 20 Hours ... Arrival Berlin, 8.28 p.m.
LONDON—DRESDEN in 28 Hours ... Arrival Dresden, 12.41 a.m.
LONDON—BALE in 23 hours.
Time Tables and all Information Free on application to the "Zeeland" Steamship Co. at Flushing, or at 44a, Fore St., London, E.C., where Circular Tickets may be obtained at Three Days' Notice.

BOULTON & PAUL, HORTICULTURAL BUILDERS, NORWICH.



CONSERVATORY RECENTLY ERECTED AT CARROW HOUSE, NORWICH, FOR J. J. COLMAN, ESQ.
SPECIAL DESIGNS PREPARED AND ESTIMATES GIVEN FOR EVERY DESCRIPTION OF HORTICULTURAL BUILDINGS. SURVEYS MADE. WRITE FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE.

DRESS SHIRTS.—FORD'S EUREKA.
To wear with one stud centre of front. Sixteen different sizes, 14 in. to 18 in. neck. Ready for use, 5s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 9s. 6d.


OLD SHIRTS Refronted, Wrist and Collar Banded, fine linen, three for 6s.; Superior, 7s. 6d.; Extra Fine, 9s. Send three (not less) with cash. Returned ready for use, carriage paid.—R. FORD and CO., 41, Poultry, London.

TAYLOR'S CIMOLITE is the only thoroughly harmless SKIN POWDER. Prepared by an experienced Chemist, and constantly prescribed by the most eminent Skin Doctors. Post free. Sent for 14 or 36 penny stamps. MOST VALUABLE.
J. TAYLOR, Chemist, 13, Baker Street, London, W.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER, BELFAST.
And 170, REGENT ST., LONDON, W.

CAMBRIC POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS.
Children's 13 doz. HEMSTITCHED.
Ladies' 23 " Ladies' 29 doz.
Gents' 33 " Gents' 311
"The Irish Cambrics of Messrs. ROBINSON & CLEAVER have a world-wide fame."—The Queen.
SAMPLES AND PRICE-LISTS POST FREE.
N.B.—To Prevent Delay, all Letter Orders and Inquiries for Samples should be sent Direct to Belfast.

LATEST NOVELTY
PRECIOSA VIOLETTE
EXQUISITE, DELICIOUS AND LASTING PERFUME
Superfine Quintessence - Toilet Soap - Toilet Water
EXTRAIT VEGETAL FOR THE HAIR
INVISIBLE AND IMPALPABLE FACE POWDER
for sale at all Leading Dealers in Perfumery.
ED. PINAUD
PARIS



LYCEUM.—OLIVIA. Olivia, Miss ELLEN TERRY. TO-NIGHT (Friday) at 8, also MATINEE, TO-MORROW (Saturday) at 2.
MADAME SANS GENE on and after Feb. 27. Napoleon, Henry Irving; Madame Sans GENE, Miss Ellen Terry.—Box-Office (Mr. J. Hurst), open 10 to 6, and 7.30 to 10. Seats also booked by letter or telegram.

MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS.— ST. JAMES'S HALL, Piccadilly and Regent Street, W.—UNPRECEDENTED SUCCESS and MATCHLESS PROGRAMME of Mirthful, Frolicsome, Piquant, 20th Century Ideas. Nightly at 8, and Matinees Mondays, Wednesdays, and Saturdays at 3. Tickets at Tree's Offices and Libraries. Prices, 6s., 3s., 2s., and 1s. General Manager, Mr. LAWRENCE BROUGH.

LINCOLN STAMP ALBUM AND DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE OF STAMPS, with SPACES arranged to hold 6400 stamps. Cloth gilt, 6s.; post free, 5s. 6d. An Illustrated List of Stamps, Coins, and Crests sent post free, 2d. W. S. LINCOLN, 2, Holles Street, Oxford Street, London, W.

THE MOST NUTRITIOUS COCOA.
EPPS'S
GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.
COCOA
WITH FULL NATURAL FLAVOUR.


ROAD SKATING

It only requires a little practice on the NEW RITTER ROAD SKATE to enable any one who has never had on a pair of skates to attain proficiency, and be able to skate on the roads at any speed to sixteen miles an hour.

The ROAD SKATE CO.
271, OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.



CLAXTON'S PATENT EAR-CAP.
For Remedying Prominent Ears, Preventing Disfigurement in after life, Keeps the Hair Tidy. In all sizes. Send measure round head just above ears. Price 3s. 6d. I. L. CLAXTON, 62, STRAND.



EDWARDS'

1s., 2s. 6d., and
(triple 2s. 6d. Size)
4s. 6d.
per Bottle,
from Chemists,
Hairdressers,
and Stores, all
over the World;
or sent direct on
receipt of Postal
Orders.

HARLENETM FOR THE HAIR

THE GREAT
HAIR PRODUCER & RESTORER.

The Finest Dressing. Specially Prepared and Perfumed—Fragrant and Refreshing.
Is a LUXURY and a Necessity to Every Modern Toilet.

Used
Everywhere.
The Certain
Proof that
it has no
Equal.



"HARLENE"

Produces Luxuriant Hair, Prevents its Falling Off and Turning Grey. Unequalled
for Promoting the Growth of the Beard.

THE WORLD-RENOUNDED REMEDY FOR BALDNESS.

For Curing Weak and Thin Eyelashes. Preserving, Strengthening, and Rendering
the Hair Beautifully Soft. For Removing Scurf, Dandruff, &c., also for
Restoring Grey Hair to its Natural Colour, it is Without a Rival.

"HARLENE" Preserves, Strengthens, and Invigorates Children's Hair.
Keeps the Scalp Clean, and Allays all Irritation.

GRADUALLY FALLING OFF.

Gentlemen.—For years past my hair has been gradually falling off, when I was recommended to try
"Harlene." I procured a bottle, and am pleased to say that I noticed a marked change in my hair two
weeks afterwards. I have used in all four bottles, and now, I am grateful to say, possess a head of hair that
I am proud of—I might say, justly.

TALBOT GREY,
Omega House, Winchelsea Road, Tottenham.

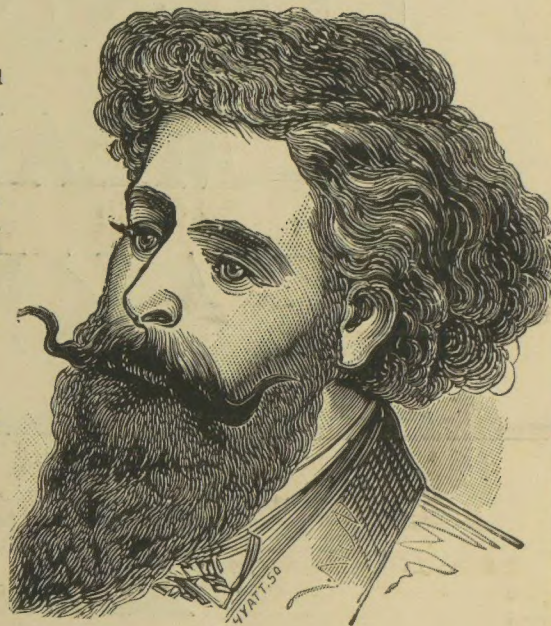
VAIN REGRETS.

Gentlemen.—I have tried your "Harlene," and find there is none to equal it. I only regret that I did
not try it years ago.

MISS PRESTON,
Southend Villas, Syston, near Leicester.

THE HON. MRS. THOMPSON'S TESTIMONY.

The Hon. Mrs. Thompson desires to testify to the value of "Harlene" for strengthening and preserving
the hair, and will be pleased to allow her testimony to be publicly used.



NO MORE BALD HEADS.

The Barber came to cut my hair, and I was so delighted:
He said: "It's growing thicker, Sir, and not so poor and blighted."
Spontaneous were the barber's words, I asked not his opinion.
But thought I'd send you on the facts for all the world's dominion.
If Edwards' "Harlene" was more known, bald heads would be but rare
No sooner was the "Harlene" sown than I'd a crop of hair.
Three bottles I have scarcely used, my hair is growing stronger;
If prejudice had not abused it would have been much longer.

Goulding's Hotel, Llandudno.

At liberty you are, dear Sirs, to print this little rhyme,
With name in full, address the same, and trust 'twill be in time.

P.S.—TO ENQUIRERS RE "HARLENE."

Since the above few lines I wrote,
Many for my advice have sought;

But as those questions are so many,
In future kindly send a penny;

If solely on this "Grand Harlene"
I'll answer peasant, Prince, or Queen.—E. GOULDING.

LOSING HAIR AFTER INFLUENZA.

Gentlemen.—I think it only right to add my testimony to the wonderful effects of "Harlene." Four years ago I began to lose
my hair, and tried many of the advertised remedies with no beneficial result. This year, after two serious attacks of influenza, it
not only fell out, but began to go rapidly grey, lank, and dull. I was then taken with an illness which confined me to my bed for
many weeks. My hair fell out even more than before, leaving bald places. The trained nurse who attended me told me that her
last patient had been somewhat in the same condition, but she had recommended "Harlene," and her hair was quite restored.
Being forty years of age, I scarcely thought there was much hope for me, so I only purchased a single bottle; even this at once
decreased the falling out. Naturally I continued to use it nightly, and have now used two large bottles, with the following results: The
hair has ceased to fall out, and my head is covered with a new growth, which is brown and not grey. You may make any use you like
of this testimonial, which is quite unsolicited, and, though I do not wish my name published, you may refer anyone to me privately.

EDWARDS' "HARLENE" CO., 95 & 96, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.

POLISHES, PRESERVES, AND PURIFIES.

The "QUEEN"
says—
"Equally Good for
everything it touches."

IS NOT
A CREAM.



The
"ILLUSTRATED
LONDON NEWS"
says—
"It is in every way
preferable to fluid
polishes."

HAS AN
AGREEABLE
ODOUR.

No. 1. (UNIVERSAL) For Floors, Linoleum,
Furniture, Leather, &c.

In Tins, 3d., 6d., 1s. & 2s.

No. 2. For Brown Leather Boots.

In Collapsible Tubes, 6d. & 3d.

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No. 4. Waterproof Harness Composition.

In Tins, 6d. & 1s.

OF ALL GROCERS, OILMEN, &c.

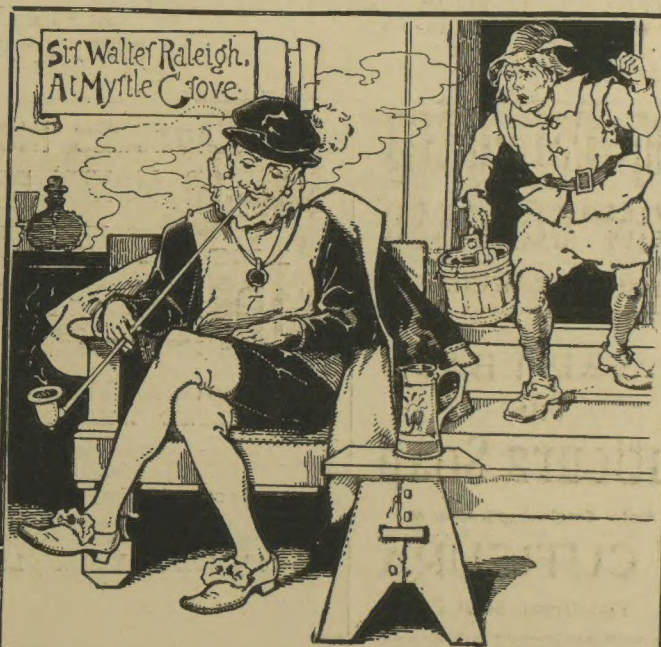
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RONUK, LIMITED, BRIGHTON.

"MYRTLE GROVE" TOBACCO.

For Pipe or Cigarette.

Sweet. Cool. Fragrant.



"At Myrtle Grove Sir Walter Raleigh was soothing his mind with
the Tobacco he had brought from Virginia when his Irish Servant,
thinking his Master was on fire, dashed water over him."

TADDY & CO., Minorities, London, E.

The only awarded at the Paris
Exhibition 1889.

VELOUTINE

Special,
hygienic, adherent & invisible
Toilet powder—CH. FAY, Inventor
9, Rue de la Paix, PARIS.—BEWARE OF IMITATIONS, Judgement of 8th May 1875.

Deauville, and 45, Rue Jouffray, Paris, who died on Nov. 19, was proved on Jan. 28 by Rowland Nevitt Bennett, the sole executor, the gross value of the personal estate being £41,413. The testator bequeaths £100 to Rowland Nevitt Bennett, and, subject thereto, leaves all his real and personal estate to Madame Eugénie Felicie Glidu, with the request that she will give all the family portraits and miniatures, except his own, to his cousin, Henry Hay Norie.

The will (dated March 7, 1890) of Mr. George William Campbell, of 22, Queen's Gate Gardens, who died on Dec. 2, was proved on Feb. 8 by Colin Frederick Campbell, the son, and William Middleton Campbell, the nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £40,317. The testator bequeaths his household furniture, plate, pictures, etc., and £1000 to his wife, Mrs. Florence

Campbell; all his real and the residue of his personal estate he leaves to his son Colin Frederick Campbell, his daughters and younger sons being sufficiently provided for by his marriage settlement and his wife's property.

The will (dated Oct. 1, 1895) of Mr. Frederic William Steward, of 14, Milverton Terrace, Leamington, Warwick, who died on Oct. 9, was proved on Feb. 4 by George Frederick Rudston Steward, the son, and Charles Walsham How, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £34,281. The testator gives £500 and his household furniture, plate, etc., to his wife, and, subject thereto, he leaves all his real and personal estate, upon trust, for her for life, and then to his children and the issue of any deceased child *per stirpes*.

The will of Mr. George Frederick Schacht, of Windsor Terrace, Clifton, Bristol, Treasurer of University College,

Bristol, who died on Dec. 2, was proved on Feb. 2 by Mrs. Sara Schacht, the widow, Dr. Frank Frederick Schacht, the son, and Miss Ellinor Sara Schacht, the daughter, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £8313.

The will and two codicils of Mr. Edward Samuelson, J.P., of Drwys-y-Coed, Trefriw, Carnarvon, who died on Dec. 19, were proved on Feb. 4 by Charles Eyton Samuelson, the son, and Charles Collins, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £7160.

The will of Mrs. Elizabeth Bowden, of 11, Cromwell Road, South Kensington, widow, who died on Oct. 4, was proved on Feb. 1 by the Rev. Charles Henry Bowden, of the Oratory, Brompton, the son, and Miss Emily Frances Bowden, the daughter, the value of the personal estate being £1922 9s. 9d.

THINNESS — MEANS — WEAKNESS.

Scott's Emulsion

is much more than a remedy for thinness. If it puts on healthy flesh (as it does), it must do more, for there are other things to be made right before flesh can come. Think this over. It is worth more than a passing notice. Apply it to your baby or your child, who is pale, thin or rickety. Apply it to a consumptive, if you like. The rule still holds good.

When you take **Scott's Emulsion**, you do not realise you are taking cod-liver oil, it is so palatable. Nevertheless, **Scott's Emulsion** is cod-liver oil and Hypophosphites blended so perfectly that the potency of each is increased.

Scott & Bowne, Limited, London.

All Chemists.



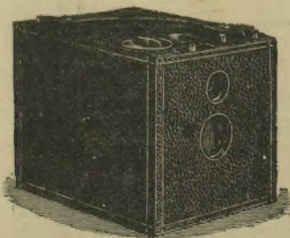
GENTLE HEAT! INSTRAWARMERS

Patented throughout the World.
The POCKET INSTRA is imperishable in a pocket, ornamental. Absolutely Safe and Cleanly. The INSTRA prevents chills; is invaluable to delicate persons, who, by its use, can resist cold and changes of temperature. Useful when Bicycling, Travelling, or at Theatres, &c.
PERSONS USING THE INSTRA CAN SIT IN A COLD ROOM IN COMFORT WITHOUT A FIRE.
BLAIR and CO., 47, CANNON STREET, LONDON, E.C.

PHOTOGRAPHIC SIMPLICITY.

EASTMAN'S POCKET and BULL'S-EYE KODAK CAMERAS.

Loaded in Daylight.



No. 2 BULL'S-EYE.

The Pocket. Price £1 15s. Makes pictures 1½ x 2 inches.
The No. 2 Bull's-Eye. Price £1 13s. Makes pictures 3½ x 3½ inches.
The No. 4 Bull's-Eye. Price £2 10s. Makes pictures 5 x 4 inches.

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ALL HEADACHES INSTANTLY CURED OR MONEY REFUNDED.

LEGAL GUARANTEE.

7½d. EMERSON'S BROMO-SELTZER, the most successful American Remedy, is an effervescent powder, taken in water. If three doses do not cure any headache, no matter how caused, send the bottle to us, saying where obtained, AND WE WILL AT ONCE REFUND THE PRICE. Trial bottle, post free, 7½d. Larger sizes, 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 3d. Sold by many Chemists, or obtained to order by almost all.

EMERSON DRUG COMPANY, Ltd.,
46, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Insist on Full Name—

EMERSON'S BROMO-SELTZER.

"LOVED OF ALL LADIES."—SHAKESPEARE ("Much Ado," Act I., Scene I.)

ADAMS'S

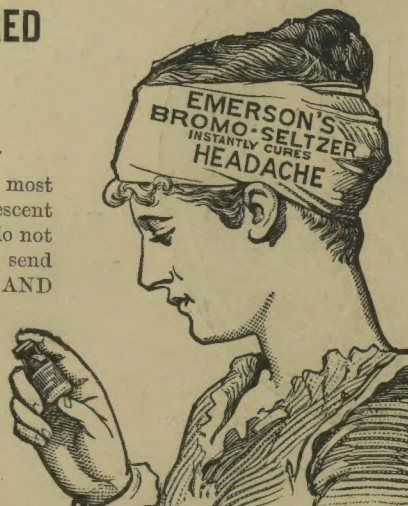
THE OLDEST AND BEST.

"The Queen."—Feels no hesitation in recommending its use.—Dec. 22, 1883.

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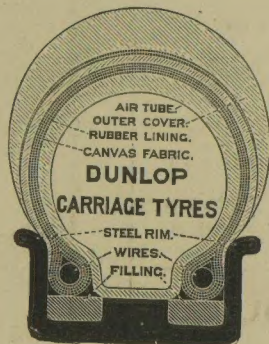
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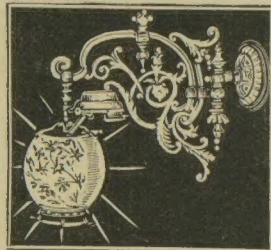
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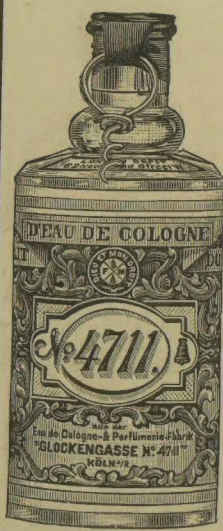


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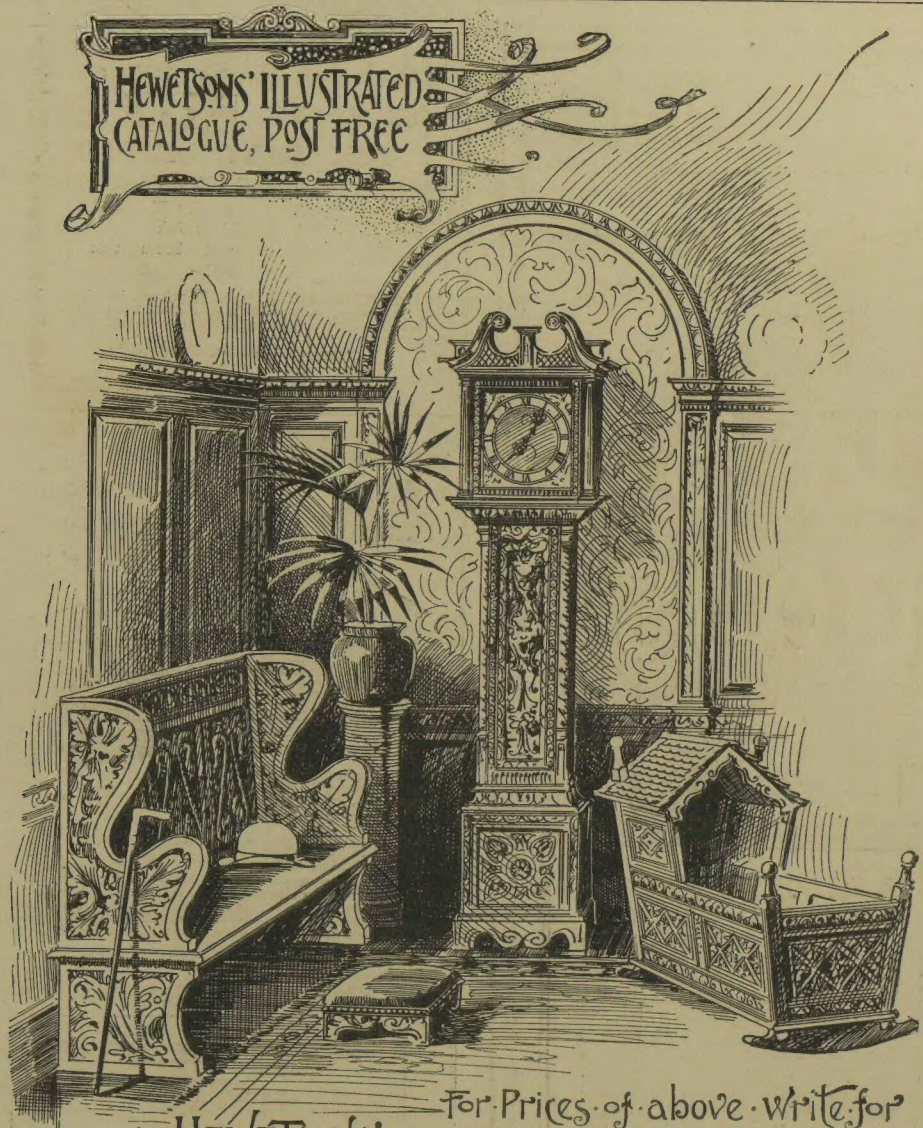
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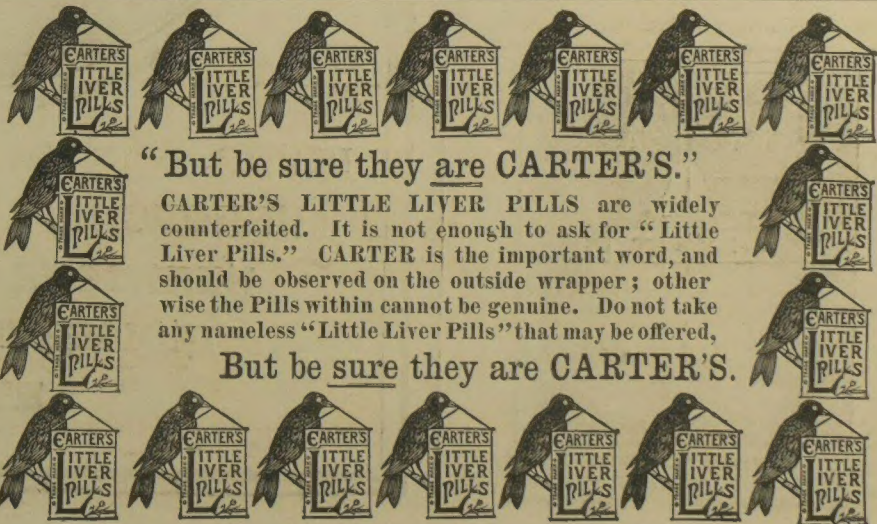
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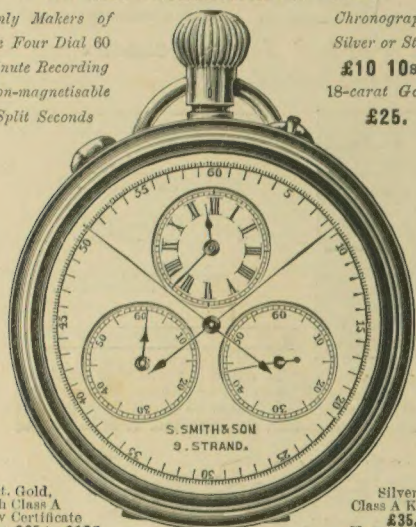


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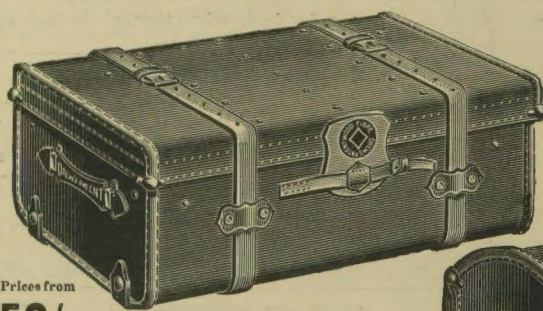
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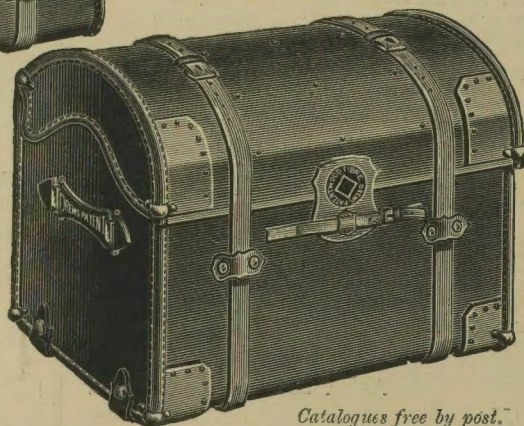
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